

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied by the Los Angeles News Company, Eighth and Olive streets, Los Angeles. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address all communications to the editor at 116½ North Broadway, Los Angeles.

Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter.

Telephones: Home A 8482; Sunset, Main 139.

SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - EDITOR

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL: To Relieve School Congestion—Ruef Verdict a Just One—Panama Scandal Revived—Honoring the Blind Poet—Farewell Message Disappointing	1-3
GRAPHITES	3
POEM: "The Lost Year." By S. T. C.	3
FROM THE GOLDEN GATE. By R. H. C.	3-4
POEM: "When We Two Ride Together." By Caroline Reynolds	4
BY THE WAY	4-5
A NATIVE SON. Continued Story. By Samuel Travers Clover	6
FAMOUS LUNCHEON RECALLED. By S.T.C.	7
POEM: "The Nomad." By Henry Reed Conant	7
MUSIC. By Blanche Rogers Lott	8
BOOK REVIEWS. Annual Book Number—Forty newest books from the leading publishers, by staff writers of The Graphic—Illustrated	9-16
ART AND ARTISTS. By René T. de Quelin.	17
PERSONAL AND SOCIAL. By Ruth Burke.	18-19
DRAMA. By George A. Dobinson. "The Chorus Lady"—"The Only Way"—"A Parisian Romance"—"The Alaskan"—"Glittering Gloria"—Orpheum Novelties—"Wang"—Offerings to Come	20-21
STOCKS, BONDS, FINANCE	22-23
NEW HOME OF PACIFIC MUTUAL	24
LUCILLE'S LETTER	24

TO RELIEVE SCHOOL CONGESTION

WITH the courage of its convictions, the board of education has adopted resolutions calling for an issue of bonds for common and high school purposes, to the extent of \$720,000. Of this, \$480,000 is for a new high school and \$240,000 for graded school uses. The election is set for Wednesday, January 6, 1909, at which time the electors of the Los Angeles school district will be given opportunity to express their confidence in the present school management and at the same time evince their desire to remove the present handicap under which the educational system is fretting, due to a shortage of funds to meet the demands made upon the schools.

As to the outcome, The Graphic is convinced that the obvious needs of the city school department will be met by the people in a most satisfactory manner. They know how inadequate has been the income of the schools in proportion to the demands caused by the extraordinary growth in the school population. It has been impossible to assimilate the influx of new families under the appropriation received, but if the envied reputation of Los Angeles as an educational center is to be maintained the many youths now unable to gain admittance to high school or polytechnic, and the children debarred by lack of room from achieving an education must be considered. The proposed bond issue will go far toward ameliorating present unsatisfactory conditions.

It is proposed to employ the \$480,000 bond sale in building one new high school and in making improvements in the Polytechnic, Los Angeles and Gardena high schools. The \$240,-

000 will be judiciously expended in different localities, now suffering from an absence of schools, or in abating the overcrowded conditions of those already established. That the money will be wisely and honestly expended is assured. The board of education is composed of a fine set of public-spirited citizens, serving without compensation, and the school superintendent, Dr. E. C. Moore, is without a peer in the city schools of the state. The Graphic hopes to see a large vote registered January 6, and as nearly unanimous in favor of the issue as possible.

RUEF VERDICT A JUST ONE

JUST as The Graphic is closing its forms preparatory to going to press newspaper extras announce the finding of a verdict of guilty, as charged, by the jury in the Ruef case. It is a most gratifying ending to a long and wearisome trial, extending over several months. In addition to the desperate attempts of the convicted felon to defeat justice by resorting to every trick and quirk known to unscrupulous lawyers, the attempted assassination of the assistant prosecuting attorney, Francis J. Heney, in the courtroom, startled and shocked the civilized world. It is a matter for congratulation that the able and courageous lawyer, now well-nigh recovered of his wound, was present in the courtroom, Thursday afternoon, when the jury filed in to render its verdict. San Francisco has made a good beginning of its long-delayed cleaning-up process. Now let more legal chlorides be administered to the Augean stables up there. With Abraham Ruef safely incarcerated in San Quentin for the next ten years—the limit is none too severe for his crimes—it will be possible for honest men to get their dues. To Rudolph Spreckels and those who stood with him in this pursuit of the worst scoundrel that ever debauched San Francisco, all honor. Of course, Ruef will appeal, but technicalities of a trivial nature should be brushed aside in the interest of the commonwealth. His dishonestly acquired bank account should not be allowed to stave off his deserts any longer.

PANAMA SCANDAL REVIVED

THOSE private communications from the President, to individuals, which so conveniently find their way into print, from time to time, make much more interesting "copy" than his state papers. The contrast was never more marked than in the letter from the white house, dated December 1, in answer to one from William Dudley Foulke, bearing upon the charges made by the Indianapolis News in regard to the acquisition by this government of the French rights to the Panama canal.

In the recent presidential campaign it was alleged by the News that of the forty million dollars paid by the United States twelve millions only went to the French shareholders, the other twenty-eight millions going to American citizens, who had cleaned up this enormous profit through the connivance of those close to Mr. Roosevelt. Using Mr. Foulke's belated communication as a means with which to castigate Editor Delavan Smith of the News for what are denounced as atrociously false statements, the President affirms that the Indianapolis man's conduct has been "not merely scandalous, but infamous."

He refers to the records on file in the war department in refutation of the statement that a syndicate existed which shared in this rape of the public treasury, and declares that the official documents bear out his assertion that the forty millions was paid direct to the liquidator appointed by the French government and that neither

had the slightest knowledge "as to the particular individuals to whom was distributed the sum." That any American received from the French government a "rake-off," he characterizes as "a mere supposition, too absurd to be discussed." He invites, however, the fullest investigation of the entire procedure.

After again paying his compliments to Mr. Smith by stating that he is "a conspicuous offender against the laws of honesty and truthfulness," in which respect, he adds there are other newspaper men "who occupy the same evil eminence," the President reads the country a homily on those particular newspapers which "habitually and continually as a matter of business, practice every form of mendacity known to man, from the suppression of the truth and the suggestion of the false to the lie direct." He adds:

There is no higher and more honorable calling than that of the men connected with an upright, fearless and truthful newspaper; no calling in which a man can render greater service to his fellow countrymen. The best and ablest editors and writers in the daily press render a service to the community which can hardly be paralleled by the service rendered by the best and ablest men in public life, or the men in business. But the converse of this proposition is also true. Most corrupt financiers, the most corrupt politicians are no greater menace to this country than the newspaper man of the type that I above discussed.

With the above pronouncement the public is in hearty sympathy. As to the charges preferred by the Indianapolis paper, the best way to refute them lies in the course already taken by congress, which has appointed a committee of inquiry to examine all the official documents now on file, in relation to the Panama deal, subpoena witnesses and in the most searching manner uncover all the facts. We refuse to believe that the President, in the remotest degree, profited by the purchase or knew aught of the alleged syndicate. That he may have placed too implicit confidence in those who managed the transaction is possible, but that he himself was involved in the scandal, as covertly insinuated, is preposterous.

In a dignified rejoinder to the President's harsh arraignment of his conduct the editor of the Indianapolis News shows that the article quoted by Mr. Foulke appeared simultaneously with that in the New York World, whence it originated, and to which source the News gave full credit. He also states that Mr. Foulke was invited by him, during the campaign, to use the columns of the News in explanation of the scandal, but that he did not see fit to do so. The World in defense, calls for a grilling examination of William Nelson Cromwell, who blocked the late Senator Morgan's inquiries in 1906. This man it is declared, took both the President and the President-elect into his close confidence. He it was who consummated the Panama revolution, and arranged the terms of the purchase of the canal. The entire amount paid went, not to the French government, as stated, but to J. P. Morgan & Co., by check on the United States treasury, asserts the World, adding:

Whether there did or did not, whether all the profits went into William Nelson Cromwell's hands, or whatever became of them, the fact that Theodore Roosevelt, as President of the United States, issued a public statement about such an important matter, full of flagrant untruths, reeking with misstatements, challenging line by line the testimony of William Nelson Cromwell and the official record, makes it imperative that full publicity come at once through the authority and knowledge of congress.

It will take more than the World's ipse dixit to place Theodore Roosevelt in the Ananias class to which he has relegated Messrs Laffan and Smith, of the New York Sun and Indianapolis News. There may have been chicanery practiced, as alleged, in which the President's brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson profited, together

with Mr. Taft's brothers, who were associated with Mr. Cromwell, but it will require proofs, strong as Holy Writ, to convince the American public that the retiring President, and the incoming one, are in anywise involved in so sordid a deal, as avouched.

FAREWELL MESSAGE DISAPPOINTING

DISPATCHES from Washington inform us that the President's message was not received with that measure of attention marking the attitude of congress on former occasions, when the nation's executive delivered himself of his budget of recommendations and admonitions to the country's legislators. Truth is, it lacked the earnestness and sincerity of his previous state papers and is remarkable, chiefly, for what it left unsaid. As the farewell utterance of a President who has been so potent an influence in the past in shaping new laws, and urging the enforcement of old ones, it is sadly disappointing. It moves perfunctorily along, through the various branches of the government, with a plethora of words—twenty-two thousand of them—and with scarcely a scintillant, biting sentence throughout. Can this be the same Theodore Roosevelt whose jerky, but pregnant paragraphs were wont to stir the country and shake up the dry bones in both houses of the national congress?

Granting that his references to the various needs of the country requiring remedial legislation are in no instance overstated, and remembering that he will retire from office in three months, was it obligatory on him to present so diffuse a document, largely on routine business, while remaining absolutely silent on questions that perturb the people to a degree unnoted before in years? We are glad to find him calling attention to the existing defects in our currency system, but beyond "hoping" that the currency commission will be able to propose a "thoroughly good system" he offers no helpful suggestions. He knows, or should know, since the subject has been discussed the length and breadth of the country for many months, by the daily and weekly press, and by expert financiers, that the Aldrich makeshift act was a political measure only, passed as a Republican sop to the country, and that it by no means gets at the seat of the trouble.

What an opportunity, if, after having studied the needs and deciding upon the best permanent remedy for the crying evils of the system, he had urged upon congress the desirability of establishing a central bank of issue, patterned after the long-tried Imperial Bank of Germany, or the Bank of France. With our national government in control, as a strong check upon the insolent menace of allied corporate banking wealth in New York, whose aggregation of capital threatens every individual enterprise outside the big trust interests, there would be renewed hope in the breasts of heartsick patriots that the Wall street incubus might be thrown off and the star of personal effort once more shine regnant.

Unfortunately, President Roosevelt's line of thought does not concern itself with the solving of financial problems. He seems perfectly willing to leave all such details to the Aldriches, the Hales, and other Morgan-Rockefeller representatives, whose subservience to the moneyed power is notorious. For what Mr. Roosevelt has done in the way of aggressive attack on evils within his scope of vision we accord full and grateful credit, but none the less his apathy in the face of crying wants in other directions has left much to be desired in his administration.

But what shall be said regarding his complete silence on the one great issue that is before the country today—tariff revision, downward? His admonition that, "so far as possible we should lighten the burden of taxation on the small man," is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal in the light of his utter ignoring of the vexed high tariffs which for twelve years have filched hundreds of millions of dollars annually from the pockets of the "small man"—the toiler, the clerk, the artisan and the agriculturist, to feed fat the privileged and predacious protected interests, many of which pampered nurslings, as Mr. Carnegie has admitted, are being gorged at the ex-

pense of the country! Not a word, not one word of the twenty-two thousand, on this vital question, however.

Hold, there is! Reference is made to a former utterance, urging the passage of a law putting alcohol, used in the arts, industries and manufactures, upon the free list. The use of denatured alcohol, as intended by the act, is making a fair degree of progress, and "is entitled to further encouragement and support from the congress." Hooray! What a place to stop! Just a few thousand words preceding this gallant effort at lowering the tariffs, the duty of the country "owed to our children's children," to save the forests, is pointed out at verbal length. But careful reading fails to reveal a single suggestion as to letting in, free of duty, the products of the forests from points beyond our borders, a method which, if followed, would be more potent of desired results in one year than the academic advice, all true enough, however, offered to prevent the deforestation by reckless timber cutting, fires, uncontrolled grazing and other mischief-making means that are hurrying along a timber famine in this country. Mr. Roosevelt has hacked at the tops of the evils; we could wish he had attacked the roots.

His recommendation for the extension of the parcel post along the lines advocated by the postmaster general is excellent. That the sixteen millions of deficit experienced by the department would be in a fair way to be entirely eliminated if the parcels post were in universal adoption, is not to be questioned. That the revenues to be derived from the operation of such a system would amount to many millions annually is easily demonstrable. Why have the private express corporations maintained a lobby in congress for years to fight such a federal step but for the sake of protecting their vast and profitable monopoly? Postal savings banks likewise are favored, and the reason for such an encouragement to thrift and economy in the wage-earner needs no elaboration here.

Mr. Roosevelt would extend the ocean mail act of 1891, so that "satisfactory American ocean mail lines to South America, Asia, the Philippines, and Australasia may be established." Does the President really suppose that the granting of subsidies to mail carrying liners will give to American bottoms the profitable traffic so long lost by the folly of refusing American registry to foreign-built vessels, which, together with the tariff wall, has destroyed our ocean-carrying trade. As Professor Eliot of Harvard has well argued: "Subsidies alone can never restore this lost industry, for where there is no steady, profitable exchange of products across seas there can be no profitable ocean-carrying trade. The national government might as well subsidize railroad trains between two parts of the country which had no exchangeable products."

Mr. Roosevelt says flattering words to the country for what it has done for the poor Filipinos in giving them a constitutional government "based upon justice," and he thinks we have governed them "for their own good and not for our own aggrandizement." Is this true? Is it true that we have been both "wise and generous?" To say so is to ignore entirely the great wrong inflicted upon the Philippines by the imposition of unjust tariffs, which a trust-controlled senate has refused to modify. We not only decline to let our wards trade with us, but we tax them unmercifully, for the benefit of the trusts. All the sugar the Philippine islands would raise would have no effect upon the market here, if the duty was entirely removed. Instead of proving "wise and generous," we have shamelessly exploited the islands, and the helpless natives. To their appeals for a lowering of the excessive duties we have responded by imposing additional burdens.

President Roosevelt's last message is, as we have said, a paper chiefly remarkable for its omissions, rather than for its affirmations. It will add nothing to his prestige, but to the contrary, will serve best to show how many columns of space a really strenuous executive can fill in the effort to evade placing human dynamics beneath entrenched wrongs. Hail, and fare-

well to this forceful individual, who has served his country well in the past. There is need of a subtler spirit at the helm of state. The bluff, hard-hitting champion of the people has served his purpose. Now, let us see what the more sagacious and perspicacious, but no less determined, new occupant of the white house will do to control the predatory trusts and restore that balance which the country now ardently craves.

HONORING THE BLIND POET

IN A BOOK NUMBER such as The Graphic is offering its readers today, it is eminently fitting that so great a literary light as John Milton, whose three hundredth birthday anniversary was celebrated December 9 of this week in the intellectual centers of English-speaking countries, should have consideration. To the reading world he is best known as the author of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," but other beautiful and expressive poems of his, "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Lycidas," and his sonnets testify almost as powerfully to the splendor of his imagery and the dignity and grace of his style. His education in the classics infused an essence of the ancient writers in his own words and sentences to such an extent that more than one commentator has declared that no other English poetry so suggests the spirit of antiquity as does his.

His blindness, it will be recalled, came upon him at the age of forty-three. He had been warned by his doctor to refrain from using his eyesight in the preparation of a political pamphlet, which the council of state had ordered him, its Latin secretary, to write. But although he knew he was running a great risk, he considered it to be his duty to make a deliberate sacrifice in the service of his country and he disregarded the medical advice with disastrous results. His monody "Lycidas," written when the poet was thirty, was occasioned by the loss of a college friend, another poet, Edward King, who was drowned in the Irish seas. With what stateliness, what perfection of style did this English poet, the friend and follower of Cromwell, lament the untimely death of that one who had been nursed with him "upon the self-same hill," referring to their student days at Cambridge. How one can detect the wailing note of grief in—
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime.

Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

One of the noblest sonnets in the wide range of English literature is Milton's "On His Blindness," a theme, by the way, to which he resorted more than once, as was perfectly natural. In "Paradise Lost," in his apostrophe to light, which the poet hails as

Holy Light, offspring of Heaven first born,
he plaintively notes how the seasons return—

But not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me.

Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" is filled with splendid bursts of poetic beauty. Who is there at all familiar with that noble poem that does not recall—

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Even Milton, deep student and scholar that he was, seems to have overlooked the fact that the Christ-child was born in a semi-tropical country, having a climate much like Southern California's, where the winter was not at all wild, where nature had not put off her gay attire to any marked extent, and where the sun shone just as vividly, just as warmly as the great luminary smiles down today upon this favored clime. But even Homer, to whose heights this seventeenth century English poet more nearly approaches than all poets since his time, was known

to nod occasionally, and what liberties Milton took with climatic conditions pertaining to the advent of the Christ-child many lesser poets thereafter have not failed to do.

How often have refuters of the Baconian theory triumphantly quoted Milton's sonnet to Shakespeare in proof of the absurdity of the attempt to rob the Master Bard of his lawful honors. Those lines reading—

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument,

have carried conviction to many a mind that might otherwise have been misled by the ingenious sophistries of Bacon-mad propagandists. It is said to reflect that in his old age Milton was neglected by his daughters and in his distress turned to a third wife, whom he married at 56, she being 26. It was not an unhappy union, however, and for two years thereafter, while completing "Paradise Lost," which was finished in 1665, she solaced his life. That John Milton has enriched English literature beyond compute, that his "Paradise Lost" is one of the world's great epics, that his lyric poetry for beauty of style, loftiness of thought, and harmonious unities has not been surpassed by any poet since his day, is the verdict of the centuries. Every minor poet, every lover of good literature, should see to it that dust does not accumulate on the covers that bind the treasures bequeathed by blind John Milton.

GRAPHITES

Los Angeles has been entertaining this week a highly representative body of San Francisco capitalists, business and professional men, of the chamber of commerce of that city. Our own chamber did the honors, and through its officers and a specially appointed committee, spared no pains in entertaining the visitors and exhibiting what is most of interest in the southern metropolis. This interchange of civilities, following the unwarranted attack on Los Angeles and Southern California, by the San Francisco and transbay newspapers, is well calculated to remove any doubts that may linger concerning our real attitude toward the northern metropolis. There is no ill-will harbored here, despite the labored efforts of foolish writers to show to the contrary. The oftener the north sends her best citizens down to partake of our hospitality the less likelihood is there of our being misunderstood and aspersed, as was the case recently in connection with our vote on the seawall and India Basin acts.

Sereno Payne, chairman of the ways and means committee in the lower house of congress, is said to be "annoyed" by the quantities of letters received from consumers, who urge that due consideration be given their side of the argument in the new tariff schedules. No wonder the gentleman is vexed. What right have the common people—the "small men" of the country—to interpose their claims before so august a body as the Payne-Dalzell tribunal? But what's the use? As one sapient critic has put it, "What they are compelled to yield, they will yield. What they can grab and keep, they will grab and keep. That is what they are maintained in office for. We shall await Mr. Carnegie's appearance before this 'sifting' board with great interest. If he is right, and he ought to know, then the steel barons require no 'protection' to yield them the 'reasonable profit' guaranteed by the Republican platform. But let not the consumers imagine for a moment that the Carnegie admissions will affect the decisions of the committee.

What has been pointed out by the New York Post as the champion hard luck story of recent times comes via Rome. In the Eternal City, a cook won 400,000 lire, or \$80,000 in the grand lottery, which is annually drawn under government control. Overcome by her good fortune, the lucky recipient allowed her name and picture to be starred in a public journal, thereby revealing to the police that "Rosa" was "wanted" for a misdemeanor, calling for a two-years' jail sentence. There, under lock and key, the hapless woman now lingers, her grand prize money resting, meanwhile, in the custody of the police. But does her case call for commiseration? Not if there is anything in the argument that antici-

pation brings far greater delights than realization. For the next twenty-four months Rosa can spend this fortune, over and over again, without impairing the principal in the least, and the enjoyment thus obtained should far outweigh the temporary annoyance which the contemplation of a stone floor and iron bars produces. Has not Richard Lovelace told us in his charming poem to Althea, that such an environment does not constitute a prison. All Rosa needs to do is to "demonstrate" in similar manner.

THE LOST YEAR

I

Before his tired eyes the proof slip swam,
Danced up and down with vexed, elusive ways;
The unresponsive brain, dull and inept,
Refused to concentrate, as was its wont,
And thoughts and words, no longer tipped with fire
Sulked in their cells, a barrier to desire.

II

Rest and a change, the man of science said:
Complete cessation from the daily task;
Let copy paper rot and proofsheets be
As far removed from touch as both the poles.
On mountain heights, amid the balsam sweet,
With simple food and manual labor's spur,
The ragged nerves, in time, would lose the strain
And worn-out man his former poise regain.

III

This was the verdict, and an anxious wife
Subduing all her longings, hopes and fears,
Bade him goodbye with simulated mirth
And held the children for a farewell kiss.
A year of absence—just the seasons round
To all his loved ones should return him sound!

IV

Where, on the summit of a mighty range
The giant cedars and the flowering oaks
Had tossed defiance to the borean shafts,
And harbored eaglets in continuous line,
For half a year the shattered worker toiled
With pick and shovel near to nature's heart;
Until the eye regained its steady light,
Until the nerves no longer rasped his soul,
Until the brain, alert and keen once more
Betrayed the thought and wisdom as of yore.

V

Not yet, not yet, the counsel to him came,
Must he return to his accustomed task;
Not yet must he resume the steady grind
And send his vigor through the daily page;
Too soon, too soon, such duties to essay,
He must the destined time remain away.

VI

Fretting, but trusting in the friendly voice,
The exile found a solace in his pen;
And, in the vast depths of giant firs,
New thoughts evolved as lofty and as grand
As nature gave for inspiration meet.
So, prose and poem, essay and story, too,
In those great solitudes took root and grew.

VII

Meanwhile, the loving missives from his wife
Kept him informed of all he held most dear,
And gave him comfort in those silent hills
And strength to bear the separation chill,
"We daily pray for our heart's joy," she wrote,
"May God preserve him on those heights remote."

VIII

And now, the year of exile ended, he
With all his calmness, all his poise regained,
Strode forth to battle with his kind again,
Again to labor with his subtle brain.
And, lo! the world in him new transport found,
His solaced writings touched responsive chords;
An eager public seized his prose and lays
And crowned him with the laurels and the bays.

IX

His friends, rejoicing in his fortune, came
To pay their devoirs and to give just praise:
They vowed his absence was a Providence,
And meant for him to find his inward self.
But he, in blissful solitude with her,
Whose courage had been tested to the quick;
Said, as he kissed away a joyful tear:
"My love, my life! Yet have I lost a year."

—S. T. C.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

Among the many fine libraries destroyed in the big fire of April, 1906, perhaps none has been missed more poignantly than that of the Bohemian club. The members are now making an effort to restore this valuable feature of the historic club, and many individuals are contributing volumes. A recent addition was a complete set of the first editions of Ambrose Bierce's works. In the collection was the now very rare "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull," which was published in England while the prince of satirists was editing a journal there, also "Nuggets and Dust," and "The Fiend's Delight." Others of Bierce's better known, but still rare volumes are "Black Beetles in Amber," "Shapes of Clay," and the "Monk and the Hangman's Daughter." Not the least interesting circumstance of this donation is the fact that it was presented by William F. Herrin, general counsel of the Southern Pacific railway, who while a keen admirer of Bierce's art, had himself frequently been offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of Ambrose's bitter satire.

* * *

Upton Sinclair, who has been vegetating (literally) as the guest of the poet, George Sterling, in the peaceful atmosphere of Carmel, has returned to the city. The author of "The Jungle" and other works of more violence and less verisimilitude has been commissioned by the management of the Valencia theater to write a play for that institution. Sinclair supported himself while still in his 'teens by writing dime novels and free melodramas, and is now ambitious to duplicate "The Jungle's" success in drama. That the Sinclair play will be sensational goes without saying; probably, it will also be bloodthirsty, though the author himself refuses to touch animal food of any kind, even milk or butter, but sustains his abounding energy on a diet of spinach, olive oil and appollinaris. He has not divulged the subject of the new play, but it is rumored that, like another ambitious young playwright whose effort was recently produced in Los Angeles, he has turned his attention to "graft," which, if true, is unfortunate, because San Franciscans have had a surfeit of this subject—outside the theater.

* * *

Richard Walton Tully, the author of "The Rose of the Rancho," so successfully Belascoized, and his charming and talented wife, who is known to the literary world as Eleanor Gates, have established a delightful country home at Alma in the Santa Cruz mountains. They find their chief distraction in horsemanship and they maintain a fine stable of Arabian steeds. Last Sunday they broke all records by riding from the Fairmont hotel to Alma, a distance of sixty-five miles, in five hours and fourteen minutes, actual time, or seven hours and forty-five minutes elapsed time. The record was the more remarkable in that the roads were exceedingly muddy.

* * *

It is not generally known that the "discoverer" of O. Henry's talent, now universally recognized, was Justice Fred W. Henshaw of the state supreme court. Judge Henshaw is an omnivorous and an extraordinarily rapid reader. Six or seven years ago he came across a story in an obscure magazine that both startled his fancy and compelled his admiration. The judge was so impressed with the story that he wrote to the publisher of the magazine to inquire about any other work by the same author. The publisher referred the letter to "O. Henry" himself, who in turn wrote to the judge. The author said he had published no volume of stories, because he could not find a publisher or afford to do so himself, but that he was then trying to get a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant the venture. Judge Henshaw subscribed liberally and induced others to do so. The result was "Cabbages and Kings," and the fame and fortune of "O. Henry" were established.

* * *

Among the young writers of the Pacific coast who are forcing their way to recognition is Victor Henderson, secretary of the board of regents of the University of California. Henderson recently contributed a vivid short story of perilous adventure in the Sierras to the Century, which magazine announces, among its features for 1909, other stories by the young Californian. Henderson did his first writing for Los Angeles papers, while a student at Berkeley, and his father for many years was connected with the Times.

* * *

Harry Carr, who, I notice, has been sent to

Washington for the Times, contributes a remarkable story to the Sunday supplement of a San Francisco paper. It is called "McWilliams' War with Mexico," and narrates "the adventures of a dare-devil broker of Los Angeles, who routed the Mexican cavalry, thrashed his jailers, bribed his doctors, stole a locomotive and was saved from death only by his splendid nerve." Carr should have been able to find a stronger market for this stirring and dramatic tale.

Henry Morse Stephens, the versatile professor of the University of California, and a historian of international repute, has many irons in the fire. Although he frankly declares he has a natural aversion to work, Professor Stephens manages to get through a prodigious amount of labor, literary and educational. For the last two years he has been engrossed in compiling a history of the San Francisco disaster. Now he is occupying his spare moments in writing the grove play for the next high jinks of the Bohemian club. These plays for several years have been on subjects of national lore—Aztec, Norse, etc. The next from Stephens' pen will be known as the "Celtic Jinks." R. H. C.

San Francisco, Dec. 9.

When We Two Ride Together

Into the evening mist we ride; out through the purple heather;
And this one hour shall be our own: just You and I together.

Close by their fires the hill-folk sit and dread the North Wind's shiver;
But we are warm with love's deep fire and quickened with its quiver.

Into the evening mists we ride; the night comes forth to meet us,
From open doors the firelight falls across the path to greet us:

But what need we with light or warmth, for in your dear eyes dreaming
There lies the light that warms my soul and sets the darkness gleaming.

Into the evening mists we ride; the night lies cloaked in sorrow;
But we have joy to ride with us, nor reck the drear tomorrow;

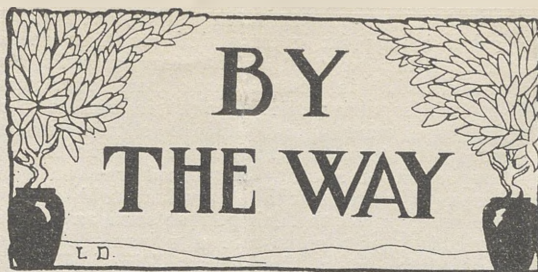
We two alone in all the world—I hear your fond heart leaping;
We two alone with sea and sky while all the world lies sleeping.

Into the evening mists we ride, the storm winds cut our faces,
But your strong hand clings close to mine, the hot blood madly races;
And what care we for storm or strife, for foul or pleasant weather;
The taste of life is deep and sweet when we two ride together.

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS

It appears to have been established by latest authoritative figures that additional salaries, as proposed by constitutional amendment, for state officials, failed of popular approval in the November election, after all. The amendment relating to lotteries and to fictitious stock sales seems to have had a decided majority. The act that was to remove the state capital from Sacramento, while defeated by two to one, had a vote of nearly 90,000 in its favor, and the primary election law proposal was approved by about four to one, in spite of the virulent opposition of the leading morning paper in Los Angeles. The amendment increasing the pay of members of the legislature, from \$8 a day, through a sixty-day session, to \$1000 carried by nearly three to one, although it is doubtful if those who voted in the affirmative realized that under the new conditions, twenty cents a mile and \$25 contingent expenses, as allowed at present, were not cut off. In plain English, where the compensation of members of the two houses from Los Angeles formerly was about \$600 every two years, it has been nearly doubled. If the additional pay will yield us solons with a sense of honor and ability, in proportion, the state will have secured much by the change. If, on the other hand, the caliber of legislators is to remain as at present, then the good Lord deliver us.

In response to a query: The municipal election in this city will take place the first Tuesday in December 1909, at which time a successor to Mayor Harper, and to all other elective officers at the city hall, will be chosen. The general state election will occur November, 1910, for the election of governor and all other state officers, including member of the state board of equalization, and of the railroad commission.



New Social Club Born

Have you joined the Sierra Madre club, the latest social organization? The promoters have engaged prominent quarters on the top floor of the Broadway Central building and plan to convert the roof into an attractive garden. The secretary of the new club is Sidney Norman, whose efforts at organizing already have produced notable results in that the membership, so far attracted, includes many of the best-known mining men of the Southwest. Among recent applications are A. Chester Beatty, for many years connected with the Guggenheim syndicate; L. W. Powell, managing director of the Calumet and Arizona, and George Wingfield, of the Goldfield Consolidated mines. The object of the new club is, I understand, to draw together the mining and oil producing industries of the Southwest, with Los Angeles as a rallying center.

Miners' "Buffet Lunch" Banquet

As an opening love-feast, so to speak, the Sierra Madre club will entertain this evening in the private banquet hall of the Alexandria, with a "miners' buffet lunch." Just what that is, I do not pretend to know. When I worked an assessment years ago, buffet lunches were caviar in our camp. However, I am told, there will be new features in the banquet line unfolded on this occasion, so I am willing to leave it to Mr. Norman. As Herr Reichl is in charge of the catering I know it will be good. Five or six hundred invitations were sent out so that a big attendance is assured. A brief toast list has been arranged, with my friend Lee C. Gates as toastmaster. Other speakers will include "Joe" Scott, F. C. Tyrrell, Edmund B. Drake, and Mayor Harper. The gathering is to be informal.

Fire Loss Adjustors in Conflict

That was an interesting occasion last Monday, when Arthur Letts, proprietor of the Broadway Department store, presented each of the members of his volunteer fire brigade with a \$5 gold piece and the chief, Mr. Lewis, with an inscribed silver cup. Incidentally, Mr. Letts told why his store was closed so long, following the fire on Fourth street. It seems that the loss committee sent two men here from San Francisco to adjust the damage. Each claimed superiority, neither could agree, and a deadlock followed. Justly exasperated at this delay, Mr. Letts sent a peremptory telegram to the northern metropolis, which brought down the chairman of the adjusting committee himself and within fifteen minutes after an offer of settlement had been made, it was accepted. Naturally, this conflict of authority cost Mr. Letts' dearly. He deplored more, the deprivation of work by the employees, and I believe he meant it.

Healing French Wounds

When the French cruiser Catinat was in harbor last week, the port and wharfage charges were regarded as excessive by Admiral Buchard, and he and his officers were inclined to look upon their advent in these waters with disfavor. It remained for Santa Monica, Ocean Park, and Venice to pour oil on the wounds of amour propre, in which good Samaritan work a reception given by the Alliance Francaise at Miramar, the home of Mrs. J. P. Jones, president of the Alliance, materially assisted. The good work was completed at a banquet given at the ship hotel Cabrillo, last Saturday night, at which Mrs. Abbott Kinney was hostess, and Hector Alliot acted as toastmaster. Admiral Buchard, who is almost a counterpart of Admiral Thomas in figure and manner, gave a capital little address in French, and was followed by the French consular agent, M. Durand, treasurer of the Ville de Paris, who responded in a neat speech. Judge Noyes gave a witty talk; Secretary Auclair of the Alliance Francaise was equally felicitous in his remarks, but it remained for General Frank C. Prescott to bring the officer guests to their feet with prolonged cheers, when, in his happiest manner, he referred to the recent events on the continent in which the French, so long regarded as the most excitable and volatile of

nations, preserved their poise admirably, never once slopping over and winning by their conduct the admiration of all Europe. General Prescott sent the visitors away supremely happy by his tactful speech, so that all previous annoyances were forgiven and forgotten.

Christmas Tipping at Clubs

Members of the Jonathan club, in large numbers, I am informed, are in a somewhat complaining mood, due to the annual appeal for holiday contributions with which to fee the house help, as is customary at this season, wherever club life is practiced as a science. It is an ordinary rule in all clubs, of the first class, that in no circumstances must servants be tipped at any time except on the eve of the Yuletide season. And to violate this particular club law, would subject the offender to severe penalty. Because of this fact, there always is a rush to give at this particular time, club members being more than grateful for the exception in their vicinity of the tipping evil, one of the refined cruelties of modern civilization. At the California club, the practice is for the members to sign voluntarily for \$5 per capita to be added to their December bill, an excellent and simple rule, as in this way all give an equal amount. In the Jonathan club, however, the custom is to have every giver hand in whatever he wishes, with the result that while the newly created millionaires from Nevada and elsewhere, including Los Angeles, subscribe from \$20 to \$50, such giving causes the ordinary Jonathan to chafe because of his inability to do likewise. California club members also affiliated with the Jonathan, do not hesitate to say that the practice of the Hill street club works out most satisfactorily to all concerned.

What Metcalf Left Unsaid

Victor Metcalf, former secretary of the navy, who was in Los Angeles early in the week, enroute to his home in Oakland, left here for the north yesterday. While every Los Angeles newspaper printed a Metcalf interview at the time of his advent, all of them overlooked one particular question, the answer to which would have proved most interesting, to say the least. I wonder what Mr. Metcalf would have said for publication, had he been asked his opinion of the attempt that is being made, quietly, to prevent the selection by William Howard Taft of George A. Knight of California as his secretary of the navy. Judging from Mr. Metcalf's private statements upon this matter, as expressed while he was here during the week, his observations for publication would have furnished one of the most interesting newspaper stories of the year.

Colonel Collier as an Entertainer

From San Diego, a valued correspondent writes me that Col. D. C. Collier of that city certainly laid himself out in the magnificence of the entertainment provided by him to members of Arab patrol of Los Angeles, on the occasion of their southern visit a week ago today. Automobiles met the Los Angelans when they arrived in San Diego and the surprises they encountered through the twenty-four hours following beat anything of a similar character the patrol ever had thrown its way, in any of its various outings. Through it all, a certain Los Angeles banker of varied experiences, and large ability to do things, took his punishment, with a philosophy that was commendable, to put it mildly. A San Diego lawyer, who stands at the head of his profession in his home city, surprised all present, when the Republican nomination for governor had been conceded to him by unanimous consent, by announcing solemnly that never in his life had he voted anything but a Democratic ticket.

For the Elevation of Gastronomics

I am told that the banquet of the Hotel and Restaurant Men's association, which is to take place at Levy's next Monday evening, at 7:30, will be one of the leading gastronomic features of the season, and will be largely attended. There will be music by Stark's orchestra of twelve pieces, exceptionally fine decorations, and a number of speakers noted for their gift of post-prandial oratory. Al Levy has not given me his confidence as to what surprises he will spring on the other Brillat Savarins that will be present, but it goes without saying that he is mindful that he must do his best. Besides the large number of members who will take part, Mayor Harper, the members of the council, Chiefs Kern and Lips, and other heads of department, the president and secretary of the chamber of commerce, and of the Merchants'

and Manufacturers' association will be present as invited guests. This is the first banquet of these hotel and restaurant managers and owners, as their organization has been in existence for just a year, and was formed for protective and fraternal purposes and for the elevation of the standard of gastronomies. I'll bet a cookie that prince of diners out, Major Ben Truman, will be present.

Result of Being Twins

Mrs. Jack Jevne and her twin sister, Mrs. Robert Murray, of Salt Lake City, have had many amusing experiences incidental to their almost exact similarity in appearance, and then, too, they have an occasional experience, which is not so amusing. The story is told that upon the last visit to this city of Mrs. Murray, a friend of Mrs. Jevne met the latter on the street, and in meeting was accorded a very cordial handshake and greeting. An hour or so later the same person encountered Mrs. Murray. Bowing graciously, she met the cold, unrecognizing gaze of Mrs. Jevne's counterpart. Several other acquaintances of Mrs. Jevne had similar encounters, and for a time, it is said, many of the latter's friendships hung on slender threads, with danger of a complete severing. Fortunately, explanation was forthcoming, and those who fancied themselves snubbed forgave. Apropos of this story comes one of their childhood days. A party was given for Mrs. Jevne and Mrs. Murray, then Genevieve and Olga Marix, respectively. Both were dressed alike in dainty party frocks. Early in the course of the evening a small boy with a large perplexity stood on one side of the room. Disconsolately, he surveyed the other children at their games. One of the adults approached him and asked the trouble. "Oh, Miss Blank," said the boy in woeful tone, as he looked from one to the other of the twins. "I'm awfully in love with Genevieve, and I can't tell which is which."

Coming City Hall Rate Contest

Early in February will witness the annual katzenjammer, due at that season at the city hall, where the several public utility corporations whose service charges are regulated by city charter, are the principals, with dear old Pro Bono Publico, at the other end of the argument. It is on the cards, I learn, that so far as the two telephone companies are concerned, they are to be placed upon an equal footing, in regard to rates hereafter. This will take from the Sunset a certain advantage it has enjoyed for years over its principal opponent. Ordinary readers of the daily newspapers, who have followed municipal conditions, have probably wondered why it is that the Home Telephone company, a purely local concern, should have been handicapped from its start with a rate schedule lower than that charged by its older rival. This has been the situation ever since the Home has been doing business in this territory.

Sunset vs. Home Conditions

Now, while most of us have no particular interest in the subject as partisans of one side or the other, a spirit of fair play suggests now, as it has since the controversy in question first began to show its head, that, while the Home company should be forced to maintain the lowest possible public rate, the Sunset should not be allowed to maintain a higher charge for service that is hardly claimed to be any better. Yet this practice has been maintained at the city hall ever since the Home first began doing Los Angeles business. This, in spite, also, of the fact that the Home Telephone and Telegraph company pays into the city treasury a sum approximating about \$30,000 a year, in addition to tax and other charges as assessed against its competitor. The additional burden referred to is exacted because of the Broughton law, which, while it operates against the Home, does not affect the Sunset. The latter corporation was doing business, and had been for years, long before Senator Broughton and his somewhat celebrated franchise act were considered at Sacramento.

Switch in Attorneys Significant

If the gossip on the subject is based on facts, legal interests that in the past have invariably appeared before the city council for the Sunset, will, in February, represent the Home, which may or may not be the real reason that the latter corporation is to be put on all fours with the Sunset, so far as municipal authorities are concerned. Who is to make the annual city hall appearance in February for the Sunset interests I am not in position to say at this time. One

thing that will have an important bearing upon the coming public hearings in the matter of rates will be whether or not the stock of the Home, labelled common upon its capital account, is soon to be in the class of dividend payers. In the event the company is permitted to increase its rates then these securities at present prices should prove a pretty good investment. If, however, public clamor or any other obstacle intervenes to keep the rates as they are then, well, then they will not be so valuable, that's all.

Speculation as to "Sam" Schenck

Former Police Commissioner "Sam" Schenck, having been acquitted in police court of the charge of assault upon Bradner W. Lee, about a year after the occurrence alleged in the warrant under which Schenck was arrested, a few members of the Jonathan club are now asking if "Sam" will be reinstated to club membership, from which he was summarily dismissed at the time of the —ahem, assault, without the formality of a hearing. Incidentally, if Schenck is not guilty of the attack, as stated, certain political circles are wondering whether or not he is to return as a member of Mayor Harper's police commission. It is whispered that the mayor and Schenck are not the cronies they once were.

May Fall to Will Harrison

There are twenty-three names under consideration by the powers that be in the matter of an intended collector of internal revenue for this district, in the event that Senator Frank P. Flint's bill creating the new position becomes a law. The number of applicants may or may not be an omen of ill. As a score or more of names will be added to the total by the time the appointee is named there need be no loss of sleep or worry among the patriots who already have their weather eye out for the prospective position. The place, if it is created, will pay, it is expected, \$4,000 a year and expenses, that being the salary of the present collector in San Francisco. If I were to hazard a guess in the premises, I should not hesitate to predict that the billet will fall to Will Harrison, at present the most capable deputy postmaster the city ever had, and who, years ago, was Los Angeles' deputy internal revenue collector. He knows the duties of the proposed new office probably better than any of the numerous applicants who have filed their claims.

Not Likely to Have Fooled Chandler

With the Times protesting in double-leaded brevity that neither it nor any of its responsible conductors is interested in the recent transfer of the San Francisco Globe, and with all Los Angeles recalling that the present performance is a replica of one similarly acted with temporary success when the paternity of another Los Angeles morning publication was in question, a few years ago, small wonder if neither here nor in the north, for that matter, the denials in question are taken seriously. I cannot believe, however, that Henry Chandler, the shrewdest, as he is the cleverest, business manager of any newspaper in the state, has been beguiled into helping to finance so lame a duck as the Globe.

Rumor Probably Without Foundation

My impression is at this time, as it was a week ago, that the Globe transfer involves certain race track and other equally pernicious interests, in which neither the Times nor any of its responsible owners can have the slightest real ownership. One may, of course, be mistaken in such things. But General Otis, at his age, is hardly looking for new fields to conquer, and as for Harry Chandler I doubt if he is enamored of crossing the Tehachapi, in order to pump oxygen into a newspaper cadaver that was nearly still born at its birth. With the tip out, however, in San Francisco, that General Otis is in control of the Globe, the paper will have even more trouble to live, under existing conditions, than it might otherwise have had. Think as one may, or say what one will, labor union sentiment, as such, with all political considerations removed, is pretty nearly as strong in the northern city as it ever was, and with Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney, and what they represent, in opposition, that the San Francisco Globe is destined to experience considerable rough sledding is expressing it very mildly indeed.

Parker to Keep "Hands Off"

While not in the confidence of the powers that be, I am inclined to doubt if there is the slightest prospect for the appointment of certain lawyers, whose names have been prominently mentioned of late for the position of superior

judges in Los Angeles county, as will be proposed under the terms of a new law that will be fathered in the coming legislature by Senator H. S. G. McCartney. I believe, however, that Judge Jamison is almost certain to secure one of the three new places. Beyond that, it is a safe assumption at this time that the other two cuts of the cake are for any applicant in position to make a showing that will prove him a formidable applicant. Walter F. Parker, by the way, is insisting that so far as judiciary appointments are concerned he dare not interfere lest he commit a tactical blunder which will not redound to his advantage in the end. And while I have seen smiles when this phase of the situation was discussed, it would not surprise me if the big boss really intends to do as he says and keep "hands off."

Plum for Newspaper Man

With Walter T. Blake, collector of customs at San Diego, we who write for a living, are gradually coming into our own. The prospective new appointee is a well known, active newspaper man of the bay city, who has been attached to the San Diego Union for years. His new position will pay him \$3,000 a year, a bit of an increase to his present salary. Senator Frank P. Flint has recommended Blake for the position, and just why Senator Ward of San Diego was sidetracked, after he had been agreed upon for the position, has not yet been told, at least, up here in Los Angeles. However, Mr. Blake is open to congratulation, and I hasten to extend mine.

Story of a Coincidence

Coincidents are not altogether rare and almost everyone has a good illustrative story, which he tells upon occasions. One of the best I have heard of late is the story which a certain matron of Shatto street relates. Several weeks ago a Mrs. Brown of Kansas City (that isn't the real color of her name, of course) came to Los Angeles. The two had been friends in the east, and soon after her arrival here Mrs. Brown wrote to Mrs. Shatto Street, asking her to call. The latter was on the eve of a trip to the north, and not having time to answer before leaving the city decided to do so while away on her pleasure trip. Meanwhile, the note had been misplaced and the street number given by Mrs. Brown had completely passed from the mind of its recipient. After the expenditure of much time in thought, however, Mrs. Shatto Street decided that the address was 2110 Blank street. Accordingly, she wrote to that number.

Another Mrs. Brown

Later, upon her return to Los Angeles, she dressed one day in her best "togs" and went out to 2110 Blank street. At the door a neatly attired maid greeted her. Yes, Mrs. Brown was in, responded the maid, but she was just convalescing from a serious illness and was only seeing a few of her most intimate friends. Mrs. Shatto Street assured the girl that included her as she had known Mrs. Brown in the east and was one of her dearest friends, so the visitor was ushered into the house and piloted upstairs into the sick-chamber. There both invalid and caller stared in amazement at each other. They were absolute strangers. Of course, Mrs. Shatto Street tried to explain the situation, but as she afterward confessed to a friend, "there was a decided restraint in the air, and I have a feeling that the Browns of 2110 Blank street thought that I was working a new kind of a confidence game or was a Highlands escapee." Curious, wasn't it, that 2110 chanced to harbor a tenant of the identical name sought?

When Lamme Lammed Wilfley

Labens A. Wilfley of Missouri has resigned as American judge in Shanghai, a fact of local interest because of the successful attempt of Judge Wilfley to unhorse Judge Lamme, at one time a prominent Los Angeles lawyer, who has been in the Orient for several years. It will be recalled by readers of The Graphic that Judge Lamme was a visitor here about a year ago, at which time he had himself interviewed repeatedly, so that he might express his opinion of Judge Wilfley, at long range.

On a Twelve Per Cent Basis

Banks have begun declaring their dividends, preparatory to the regular holiday distribution. Citizens' National now is on a twelve per cent basis, with Central National also in the same class. Another banking item of interest of the week is the resignation of C. E. Woodside as bond manager for the Los Angeles Trust company. This is attributable to the poor health of the efficient banker.

A NATIVE SON

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

XI. Barbara Unbends a Trifle

At luncheon Margery sat at Philip's table by gracious consent of Barbara.

Just think! We shall be in Chicago tomorrow afternoon. How the time has flown, hasn't it, senator?"

"That was in my mind when you spoke," he answered. "And there I shall lose all my pleasant companions. I'm almost tempted to change my plans and continue the journey with you."

"Do, do!" she exclaimed, "it will make us all so happy. O, Mr. Northrup," continued the girl, "your Los Angeles friends are so proud of you—Ellie, Bessie, Florence, Marian—all of them know what you have done and they say—do you know what they say?" she inquired, with a pretty smile.

He shook his head and vowed he could not guess.

"They say, that is, their fathers do, that you're to be elected to congress in the fall."

"O, I guess not, he laughed. "They know I'm too fond of California to be so unkind as to send me out of it. I should have to waive that cruel kindness."

"Miss Barbara says you're fitted to adorn any sphere," observed Margery presently.

"Indeed," asked Philip, eagerly. "When was this?"

"O, the night we started, I think it was; after we first met you in the dining car."

Philip's face fell. Yes, that was before his reputation suffered such a shock, he reflected.

"Miss Morton is extremely polite," he said aloud.

"But she is sincere, too," affirmed Barbara's champion. "Isn't it queer," she continued, irrelevantly, "that she doesn't get married? I should think the men would admire her immensely, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," returned Philip fervently. Then he added, "no doubt many do."

"I suppose, though, she is hard to please. I fancy there are not many unmarried men in Los Angeles equal to her, intellectually," commented the girl, sagely. "Do you believe a woman could love a man who was her inferior, mentally?" she demanded.

"Well, there is a precedent for it," he replied, intensely amused at the course the conversation had taken; "you see it's the heart, not the head, a true woman usually admires in a man. That is," he explained, "a man's heart reflects in his daily actions his good or bad qualities. He may be ever so brilliant, yet utterly unattractive to the woman who is his intellectual equal. On the contrary, a man of noble impulses, of a generous nature, kindly, affectionate, big-hearted, but of no great culture except the culture every true gentleman has, is likely to win her everlasting respect and love."

"O, how delightfully put. I'm sure you're right, Mr. Northrup, but wouldn't it be nice to find all those fine qualities in the man who had intellectual gifts besides. Now, for example, if you and—"

Margery paused, frightened at the tendency of her thoughts and her unguarded loquacity. In Philip's earnest eyes, gazing quizzically at her from across the table she fancied she discerned the reflection of the sentence she had left unspoken and wondered if he were vexed. She was relieved at the appearance of the waiter with the bill, which brought their tete-a-tete to a close.

That afternoon Philip passed in the observation car with the "buds," as Hubert had insisted on calling Barbara's charges. He was not so effervescent as his absent friend, but when the girls returned to their chaperon, who had excused herself, on the plea of headache, they were profuse in praises of their entertainer.

They all knew the San Gabriel canyon; several had been to the Creel club with their fathers on fishing bent—you can catch delicious brook trout in the west fork of the San Gabriel river—and in riding past Sharpe's flat the queer, clean, little old man, gad and hammer in hand, had been seen by them clambering down to his daily task.

Philip had told them his pathetic story; of his absolute faith in the Voice, of his firm be-

lief in the "pocket" of gold that was awaiting him. He pictured the four-foot tunnel, the rapt features of the devout miner as he sang, related the story of his conversion, and described the barrenness of his cabin and the loneliness of his daily life.

"Do you think he'll ever grasp his rainbow?" asked Florence who sat on a hassock, with elbows on her knees, her chin resting in the palms of her hands and her big black eyes fixed on Philip's face.

"I doubt if there's a dollar's worth of gold in that formation," he replied.

"O, what a disappointment it will be," remarked Margery, regretfully.

"No, I think not," observed Philip. "You see, his faith is so absolute that no matter what happens, good luck or ill, it will be recognized as the wish of the Master. To complain would be sacrilege in his eyes."

"What will happen, then?"

"He is seventy-one years old and growing feeble every month. One day, the stage driver, not having seen him about the place for a while, will halt his horses and probably discover the dear old fellow lying calmly in death at the bottom of his tunnel. He will have found his pot of gold, but not quite in the spot he expected."

"How pathetic!" exclaimed Marian.

"Beautiful, I think," observed Ellie, dreamily. "What a glorious passing away."

It was she who retold the story to Barbara that evening after dinner.

"I believe Mr. Northrup has the biggest heart," said the girl, laying stress on the adjective. "Of course, he didn't tell us he is helping that poor, demented miner, but I'm sure he is taking care of him, and he referred so tenderly to his delusion."

Barbara had a pang of regret as she recalled the many courteous acts of their fellow-traveler, but she thought of the book episode and what she considered his duplicity and hardened her heart.

"Senator Northrup has many excellent qualities, my dear," she concurred, "and I am glad he proved so entertaining."

"O, he was all that and more," returned the girl, warmly. "We're all sorry he is to leave us tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," thought Barbara. "So he is."

At Chicago they would part company, and while they were likely to meet in Los Angeles three months hence, who knows what might happen, meantime. After all, he had been very kind, courteous—and gentlemanly. Yes, he was a thorough gentleman, she determined, all but that foolish desire to make her believe he, too, loved Emerson. O, if he only hadn't.

At breakfast next morning Barbara's bow of recognition was a trifle less formal than at their previous meeting and poor Philip grasped the straw and smiled pleasantly in return. If he had only dared, he could have cleared away the cobwebs of doubt so easily. But like many another true lover, he could look death in the face and not flinch; where his own feelings were concerned he was an arrant coward.

After breakfast Philip went back to his car, and, picking up his little volume of Emerson, turned, curiously enough, to the consideration of Swedenborg, the mystic.

He found himself resenting the doctrine that all loves and friendships are momentary. He read:

Do you love me? means, do you see the same truth? If you do, we are happy with the same happiness; but presently one of us passes into the perception of new truth; we are divorced, and no tension in nature can hold us to each other. I know how delicious is this cup of love—I existing for you, you existing for me; but it is a child's clinging to his toy; an attempt to eternalize the fireside and nuptial chamber; to keep the picture-alphabet through which our first lessons are prettily conveyed.

Philip closed the book and mused with half-shut eyes. Swedenborg, he reflected, was a bachelor like himself; he never married, ergo, he never was in love. Well, hardly that. He, Philip, might never marry, yet it was folly to affirm he was not in love, for he was—hopelessly, alas! He would like to exist for her, she for him. Why not? What could be sweeter? What more idyllic? But it is "a child's clinging to his toy."

* * an attempt to keep the picture-alphabet."

What of it? We are all children of a larger growth, it is declared. "Man may be a kind of very minute heaven," he assented, moodily, "but if that heaven is to be complete it must have at least one angel as a permanent resident."

Clearly, he was in no mood that morning to enjoy the spiritual outgivings of the mystic. His

longings required a happy adjustment of heart and brain; there should be no discords in his little self-heaven. He preferred to have the answer to "Do you love me?" give complete proprietary satisfaction, with no mental reservation whatsoever. "If Swedenborg had wooed and won and married happily," concluded Philip, "his ethical deliverances, no doubt, would have lacked spiritual analysis, but what a great world he would have discovered into which he never penetrated."

It was agreed that all should meet at luncheon for a farewell meal. The girls had bought several huge bunches of wild-flowers from the little hucksters at Fort Madison, with which they decorated the three tables, so that the dining car presented a gala appearance when they flocked inside. In a spirit of fun, the "buds" had prepared mottoes supposed to reflect their mournful state of mind, due to Philip's projected departure. Pinned to the window-curtain at his table was a large card having a heavy black border, in the center of which was:

Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow

In the cruet stand was another gentle reminder in black ink, bearing the injunction,

Act Well Your "Part"

Another legendary inscription which he found under his napkin, read:

One Man in His Time Plays Many "Parts"

Barbara had been kept in ignorance of this bit of by-play. Philip and she both laughed heartily as they examined the distorted quotations which the girls had selected regardless of their original applications.

"But, surely, I'm not to be compelled to sit alone," complained Philip.

"O, no, we're to draw lots for the honor," explained Marian. "See! I hold seven slips of paper in my hand; the one who pulls the shortest gets the seat opposite you."

Philip folded his arms and assumed a judicial air. "This is indeed the proudest moment of my life," he quoted. "Talk about the prize-awarding by Paris, that wasn't a circumstance to this."

Marian, meanwhile, was passing around the group with her white slips. Three had been abstracted when she came to Barbara.

"O, no, you better skip me, dear," said the latter. "I couldn't think of depriving any one of you of so much anticipatory pleasure," and she laughingly waived off the proffered papers.

But Marian protested, and the other girls in unison exclaimed they positively wouldn't take unfair advantage of her.

Barbara realized that any further objection she might make would seem foolish, so she shut her eyes and drew. Instantly, there arose a concerted scream from her charges of "You have it! You have it!" She held in her hand a tiny bit of white paper, barely an inch long. Marian crushed the remaining slips together, and with a sweeping courtesy ushered Barbara into the seat across from Philip.

[To be Continued]

Copyright 1908 by Samuel Travers Clover.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes
Carbons Platinotypes Etchings
Awarded Eighteen Medals
Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements

Heckel

Studio and Art Gallery 336 1-2 South Broadway
Special Exhibition of Oils Now on View

Famous Luncheon Recalled

Of interest to the general public, and particularly so to those inclined to matters literary, will be a study of the signatures which accompany this reminiscent sketch, comprising a group of guests of the late Eugene Field, who sat at table with him in the tower room of the Union League club, in Chicago, February 21, 1893. The occasion was a luncheon in honor of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the famous author of the equally famous "Man Without a Country." The host, Eugene Field, was at his best. Never was he wittier or more spontaneously scintillant than at that time, and his challenges around the board provoked a running fire of brilliant bon-mots, clever aphorisms, quips, jokes and pertinent quotations. It was truly a memorable gathering.

Many of those present have long since passed away. The courtly, low-voiced essayist and brilliant divine, David Swing; the able editorial writer and bonvivant Moses P. Handy, founder of the celebrated Clover club of Philadelphia; the lovable newspaperman, John F. Ballantyne, brother-in-law of Eugene Field; James W. Scott, publisher of the Chicago Herald; Major Joseph Kirkland, soldier and author; Marshall Field, multimillionaire merchant prince, always whimsically referred to by Eugene as "our cousin Marshall"; Dr. William R. Harper, head of Chicago university, and the host himself, the delightful poet and bibliophile, Eugene Field—all have gone to join the silent majority.

Edward Everett Hale, the guest of honor, will be 87 next April. The heading, "Lend-a-Hand," above the facsimile signatures herewith, was in compliment to the promotion by the celebrated author-minister of the many "Lend-a-Hand" clubs, that owed their origin to him. Harriet Monroe, who was in Los Angeles, a few weeks ago, is the author of the "World's Fair Ode," and numerous lesser known poems and essays. Thomas Nelson Page, author of that captivating little story "Meh Lady" and a score or more of almost equally entertaining tales having a southern background, had recently married the widow of Henry Field, a brother of Marshall Field. His charming conversational powers can be attested by the editor of The Graphic, whose seat was luckily placed adjoining, on Mr. Field's right, Congressman George E. Adams, a delightful after dinner speaker, sat nearby. Stanley Waterloo, author of "A Man and a Woman" and "The Story of Ab," his two most striking books, was directly across from Mr. Page. De Wolfe Hopper, in response to universal insistence recited "Casey at the Bat," then brand new, and with what salvos of applause it was received!

Franklin H. Head, then president of the Chicago Historical society and a writer of whimsical research touch, as evidenced by his "Shakespeare's Insomnia and the Causes Thereof," was Marshall Field's seatmate. Elwyn A. Barron, has won honors as a playwright; F. Hopkinson Smith, artist, author and engineer, bubbled over with fun and kept those about him in continuous laughter throughout the luncheon; Opie Read exchanged darkey stories with Thomas Nelson Page, to the edification of all within hearing. Herman H. Kohlhaas, former publisher of the Record-Herald, one of the best raconteurs in Chicago, rivalled Hopkinson Smith in keeping his immediate circle aching from laughter, so that those just out of range repeatedly called "louder," when the climax was almost lost in the clamor.

Another famous story-teller, particularly of individual experiences, was the brilliant Melville E. Stone, then about to go to New York to assume charge of the Associated Press, which position he has held continuously since. A most entertaining guest was Slason Thompson, now head of the Chicago Railway News bureau and whose two-column biography of Eugene Field is the best, as it is the most authoritative life of the poet. Hobart Chatfield Taylor, author of half a dozen readable works of fiction, and a biography of Moliere, that won

"LEND A HAND"

Edward E. Hale
 Clarence Dwyer Bates
 Harriet Monroe
 Sara Harrison Handy
 Thomas Nelson Page
 Madams
 Arthur Hale
 C. G. Blum
 Stanley Waterloo
 David Swing
 John F. Ballantyne
 Auguste C. Ballantyne
 Maucha Jameson Stone
 De Wolfe Hopper
 William H. Talcoff
 Marshall Field
 Franklin H. Head
 Edw. J. Harding
 Hugh Lynd
 Eugene Field
 R. F. Christopherson
 Elwyn A. Barron
 A. C. Wickie
 William R. Harper
 H. C. Chatfield-Taylor
 Samuel Travis Clever
 Joseph Kirkland
 Melville E. Stone
 Slason Thompson
 Marshall Field
 a. c. Wickie
 William R. Harper
 H. C. Chatfield-Taylor
 Samuel Travis Clever

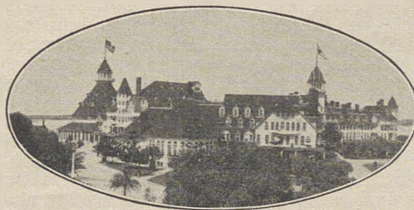
for him recognition by the French government, was still another writer of prominence.

Altogether, it was a remarkable gathering of wits, essayists, authors, poets, newspaper publishers, editors, critics, men of affairs, and persons distinguished in financial and commercial life. Eight of the thirty-eight have passed away—among the most brilliant of that brilliant company—but their works live after them. Of the famous host, the most practical

joker, as he was one of the most fascinating of newspaper writers and the most lovable of poets, it cannot be doubted that if he had his will, they who were gathered about him to greet Dr. Hale that auspicious day in February, 1893, and are now sojourning in the shades, have long since come together in communion and under his leadership are continuing the discussions on men, women and books they were wont to carry on in the flesh. What a glorious company that! S. T. C.

The Nomad

I'm but a wanderer—and, perchance,
 This vagrant life of mine is due
 In some degree to circumstance,
 And partly to design is due.
 I've strolled the sands, and sported in
 The waters at Far Rockaway;
 And Gotham, with her dust and din
 To me seems scarce a bleak away.
 I've seen our national buildings glow,
 And battered battle forts afar;
 And from the Gulf of Mexico,
 Seen ships sail in from ports afar.
 And, journeying on from goal to goal,
 As deviously, I've fared about,
 What sights and scenes have awed my
 soul,
 That few men would have cared about.
 By fortune scorned from day to day,
 By hate and malice lied about,
 Unnumbered ills I've laughed away
 That many would have sighed about.
 Yet, as I travel on my way,
 Bright scenes in memory cheer me
 still,
 And to my lot there fall, each day,
 Joys that to life endear me still.
 But cities great and country green,
 Soon lost the charms that most I
 sought
 In my hot quest for things unseen—
 And so the western coast I sought.
 Where next shall turn my restless feet?
 Perhaps to some far land o'er sea;
 For though life here to me is sweet,
 There's much that's good and grand
 o'er sea.
 From scenes of sadness and delight,
 If it be mine to go away,
 O'er bounding seas, transporting right,
 Or quartered as a stowaway,
 And if, perchance, I never reach
 The mortal shores that wait beyond,
 There's wealth, I know, beyond all
 speech.
 To crown me in the Great Beyond.
 HENRY REED CONANT.



Hotel Del Coronado

Coronado Beach, California
 Morgan Ross, Manager

SUMMER RATES

\$3.50 Per Day and Upward

Coronado Agency 334 South
 Spring Street, Los Angeles

H. F. NORCROSS, Gen'l. Agt.

Bond Investors Can Be Reached
 Through The Graphic
 NO WASTE CIRCULATION



Best for the Boy

A Bike for
CHRISTMAS

JUVENILE:

14-INCH	\$20.00
16-INCH	\$22.00
18-INCH	\$25.00

GUARANTEE:

Frames 12 Months
 Tires 6 Months

The Wm. H. Hoeger Co. (Inc.)

138-40-42 South Main

Sunset Exchange 87

Automatic 10087

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS HERE FOR



CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE

Gustave Stickley is the originator and only manufacturer of Craftsman Furniture. We show a large stock of these goods.



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Levy's Cafe

N. W. CORNER THIRD AND MAIN

The Best Conducted Cafe and
 Restaurant in Los Angeles

Business Men's Lunch Served in
 Grill Room Daily—40 cents, which
 includes coffee, tea, beer or wine.
 Entrance to Grill room on Main.

After Theater Suppers
 a Specialty

The Largest and Best Orchestra in the City

Los Angeles Ry. Co.

How Passengers can Avoid Accidents

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired communicate with conductor.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

It is doubtful if a finer body of singers exists in America than the Woman's Lyric club, excepting, possibly, the Mendelssohn and Rubenstein clubs of New York, Apollo club of Chicago, and similar organizations. All the vocal soloists for concerts are from the ranks of the club and show that the individual voices are most excellent. By becoming such a musical power, the club demands the minutest attention of a critic. The chorus is splendidly balanced. The alto parts are, at times, too prominent, particularly in this true of the first sopranos, in which part a few individual voices are too conspicuous. I really think if a few of the first sopranos were put into the second and a voice or two from the second alto supplied to the first the balance would be perfect. The program was a noteworthy one and was satisfactorily given in most instances. The gem of the evening was "Ashes of Roses," by Huntington Woodman. There was a careful blending and warmth of tone throughout it. "Across the Fields to Anne," by Clough-Leigher is a charming composition, cleverly worked out and interpreting the graceful text exquisitely. The club gave the number in a most commendable manner, and the intricate piano accompaniment was especially suited to Miss O'Donoghue, who did most finished work the entire evening. "God in Nature," by Schubert, a magnificent composition was disappointing on account of the poor attacks and a forcing of the sopranos, who had a trying part. This indecision of attack was solely the fault of the singers, who failed to keep the careful watch of their leader that they did of their music. The possibilities of the number were immense, Mrs. Chick giving assistance at the organ as only an organist of rare judgment can.

Mr. Poulin is a reliable director, whose beat there is no mistaking and if the women will memorize their music, as the Orpheus club does, a wrong attack will be unknown to them. There is a habit very prevalent among singers, and one which is noticeably with the Lyric club and also the Ellis club—I refer to the removing of a consonant from the end of a word and placing it at the beginning of the following word. The club is to be commended for its first concert of the season. Mr. Friml, the well-known pianist, was the principal soloist I have been an admirer of Mr. Friml's playing and compositions ever since his arrival. His finger technique is marvelous, his tone a delight, and he plays with feeling when an occasional passage demands it, but there is a sameness in his choice of numbers which tend toward the brilliant, and there are instances when he varies from the text. His songs showed he has much dramatic instinct, and sane sentiment. Mrs. Zobelein gave a fine rendition of two of Mr. Friml's songs. I could not help wishing that Mrs. Zobelein had sung them in a lower key; the velvety richness of her voice would have been more apparent. Mr. Poulin was given a deserved recognition by the large audience.

The audience which attended the concert given by the Maud Powell trio Friday evening of last week, filled the Simpson auditorium. The concert was one of the most satisfying ever given here. Miss Powell is a musician, intelligent, and thoroughly attractive violinist. How she does it never enters the auditor's mind; he is content to listen to numbers brought close home through intelligent interpretation and genuine love of her art. It is lamentable that so few artists create this impression. I could not help wishing that every student of music was present to imbibe some of the sincerity and graciousness of this woman. We have heard Hekking, Holman, Gerardy, and other great cellists here, but did any of them sur-

pass May Mukle in lusciousness of tone? Her instrument is an unusual one, but there is personality in the tone and the girl behind that fine cello is responsible for the warmth and color. She plays with keen understanding, and much temperament. Miss Ford, the pianist, is strictly an ensemble player and an unusually competent one. The trios of Chaminade played by the three artists were models of perfect chamber music playing.

No amount of work would have given Adela Verne what she has naturally. It is a God-given talent. That she has used it well, was shown last Saturday afternoon, when she gave a broad, exacting program. Miss Verne has a strong personality that is felt by the audience, which becomes her friend at once. All styles are hers; in the Mendelssohn Scherzo was all the requisite lightness and capriciousness, the Melodie of Gluck-Sgambati sang out in a beautiful, round tone (though the interweaving double note accompaniment was too heavy in the number), and the gorgeous Rhapsodie of Brahms was given the necessary broadness and changing moods. The Scarlatti sonatas were charmingly given, with the exception of lack of color, which could have been obviated by more frequent use of the soft pedal. Miss Verne has a variety of tone colors, and the number would increase with more una corda and a more discriminating use of the damper pedal. By request, she gave the B flat minor Sonata by Chopin, and her interpretation of this compares favorably with that of the acknowledged great.

Just the sight of the Orpheus club commands admiration. The membership consists of young men whose whole attitude is alert to follow the slightest motion of their leader. At the concert last Tuesday evening at Simpson auditorium, six regular numbers and three encores were sung with no score, and not one slip of memory and consequently with absolute precision of attack. Mr. Dupuy has accomplished wonders with these (for the most part) untrained singers. He uses his baton with his right hand, but the left hand gives many signs to his singers, who respond implicitly. The quality of tone is steadily improving and will continue to, for the right methods are being used. The nuances are varied and effective, and when power is needed it is there as a matter of contrast. The difficulties of Buck's "Bugle Song" were surmounted with ease. A most effective accompaniment was given by Mrs. Selby at the piano and Mrs. Chick at the organ, in spite of two unsatisfactory cornets. Mrs. Chick as regular accompanist of the club showed she is a decided acquisition to the rank of accompanists. Mrs. Robert A. Smith, while possessing beauty of voice and intelligence, is handicapped by indistinct enunciation and a tremolo, which now bids fair to disturb the pitch. The Philharmonic quartette showed its adaptability for fine quartette work. The voices blend perfectly, and the singers are equipped to give the best compositions. Not that the numbers they presented have not a place, but things of more musical value should also be used.

William Edson Strobbridge will give a piano recital the evening of December 18, at Blanchard hall. His program will be as follows:

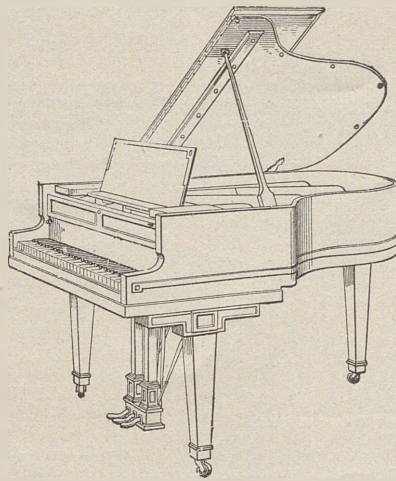
Fantasia in F minor, op. 49 (Chopin), sonata in E flat, op. 81a (Beethoven), adagio and allegro (farewell), andante espressivo (absence), vivacissimamente (the return); chromatic fantasia and fugue (Bach), Rigoletto fantasia (Verdi-Liszt).

Beethoven was born one hundred and thirty-eight years ago December 16. No one has surpassed him during all these years. "Fidelio" was given at the opening of the Vienna opera season this year, and was received with even more enthusiasm than ever. Entire programs of his compositions are given in December every year in the great centers of music, and Los Angeles' symphony orchestra, Friday, December 18, will remember the birthday by giving the greater part of the program over to a Beethoven symphony. The Eroica, op. 55, and his rarely-played Triple Concerto. This concerto, opus 56, is written for piano,

What America Is Adding to Musical Art

What impressed Paderewski most on his latest tour of this country was the development in musical taste, and the progress in piano-playing among the American public.

"There must be a corresponding progress in piano-making," he wrote to the WEBER Piano Company, and—"You have realized it."



The Weber PIANO

Has for more than a half century ranked among the few great pianos of the world. Today, in view of the recognition which has come from those who constitute the highest court of authority on matters musical, the Weber's artistic supremacy is more pronounced than ever.

It will not only interest you, but also impress you to see the advance in piano-making which excited Paderewski's admiration. The latest Weber models are here for your inspection.

THE HOUSE OF MUSICAL QUALITY

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Music Co.

332-334 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

violin, and violincello, with full orchestral accompaniment, and is a decided novelty in any country. Though its opus number follows the Eroica symphony, it is of an entirely different style and might cause one to think the composer had needed rest after writing the great "Eroica" and had gone to Italy, where the Triple Concerto was thought out. It is clever and fascinating throughout.

On the morning of December 18, the following singers will present Saint-Saens "Christmas Oratorio", William H. Lott, directing; sopranos, Mrs. Edmund Shank, Mrs. C. G. Catherine Estelle Heartt, Mrs. C. E. Richards, Mrs. L. J. Selby; tenors, Sheldon Ballenger, J. S. Gregg, John Douglass Walker; basses, Nigel de Brulier, Harry Clifford Lott, Edmund S. Shank. The accompaniment will be organ, Waldo F. Chase; piano, Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott; violin, Mrs. Coustenlanc; violincello, Mrs. Menasco. This presentation will be for the Friday Morning club, at its regular meeting.

Third of the chamber concerts by the Nowland-Hunter trio will be given Monday evening, December 14, at Symphony hall. The program is the Trio in A minor by Chaminade, who has just made such a triumphal tour of the east; the Howard Brockway violin sonata, which was omitted at a previous concert, and a trio by Gade.

In Christiana, Norway, recently, a program was given of heretofore unpublished works of Edward Grieg. The manuscripts consist of eleven romances and songs, three piano pieces, and a string quartet.

Madame Albani has gone into vaudeville, following the example of Sims Reeves and other eminent English singers. It is said she will receive \$5,000 for a two weeks' engagement, which is the largest amount ever paid to an artist for a vaudeville engagement in Europe.

Soloists for the concert of the First Congregational church orchestra Thursday evening, December 17, will be Miss Willy Smyzer, soprano; Miss Kie Julie Christin, contralto; Leroy Jepson, tenor, and F. Waller Seager, basso. The quartette will sing the solo and ensemble parts of the popular song cycle, "In a Persian Garden," by Liza Lehmann, given for the first time in Los Angeles, with orchestral accompaniment. Other numbers to be

The Nowland-Hunter Trio

ANNOUNCE THEIR

Third Concert, Monday, Dec. 14

SYMPHONY HALL

Trio.....Chaminade
Sonata.....Brockway
Trio.....Gade

Mr. Harry Clifford Lott

AND

Mr. William H. Lott

ANNOUNCE THE REMOVAL

Of their Studio from the choir room of the First Congregational Church to their newly erected Studio-Hall,

912 West Twentieth Street.

Washington street cars to Oak street, or University cars to Scharf street. BOTH TELEPHONES

Artists may be assured of commissions by using THE GRAPHIC

rendered by the orchestra are "Saracen Patrol," by De Koven; the "Raymond overture," "Egyptian ballet suite," by Luigini, in four movements; the "Nocturne," from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream;" a "Pasquinade," by L. Gottschalk, and Perry's "Warbler's serenade." This promises to be an interesting program, the orchestra is well balanced, and rehearsals indicate a good performance.

Two new works of interest have just been presented in Europe; the piano concerto in F, by Scharwenka, which the critics pronounce ahead of his B flat minor concerto, and an oratorio, "Gustav Adolf," by Max Bruch. Its first rendition occurred Nov. 6, the anniversary of the battle of Lutzen, in Sweden.

Constantino, the great tenor, has been engaged by the Manhattan opera company for a term of five years.

THE GRAPHIC

S. T. CLOVER, EDITOR

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 12, 1908

SIXTEENTH YEAR



"Richard Mansfield"

Richard Mansfield came by his artistic temperament, his irascible tendencies, his love of color, his musical ability, in the most natural manner. They were an inheritance from his mother, the celebrated Madame Rudersdorff, whose conspicuous talent as a singer entranced Europe for a quarter of a century. According to Paul Wilstach, who has written a most entertaining biography of the famous American actor, who died all too soon, at the apex of his career, Erminia Rudersdorff, or Kuchenmeister, was married to Maurice Mansfield, a London wine merchant in the spring of 1851, from which union three children resulted, Felix, born in 1852, Greta, two years later, and Richard, the youngest, in Berlin, May 24, 1857. A little more than fifty years thereafter, August 29, 1907, this talented actor, after a remarkable career on the English and American stages, breathed his last at "Seven Acres," New London, Conn., a victim to nervous exhaustion, brought on by overwork.

Richard was only four years old when the elder Mansfield died, and to his mother was relegated the task of providing for and educating the children. As she was a prima donna, home life with her was out of the question. They lived at Jena, with an uncle of their mother for a time, and, later, the two boys were sent to a private boarding school. For a while Richard bade fair to lose his English tongue, but he acquired a good knowledge of German and of French, his mother speaking seven languages, fluently: English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian and English. When he was twelve, the lad was entered at an English public school, in the borough of Derby, a shire town, where he fell under the influence of a splendid character, Rev. Walter Clarke, the head master. Richard greatly enjoyed the three years passed at Derby and the experience was always treasured in his memory.

In 1872, his mother came to America to fill a professional engagement. Boston was captivated by her talents and induced her to remain. As she was then fifty she decided to do so and sent for Richard and his sister, Greta, to join her. Later, Greta married a Frenchman, and her daughter, years after, under the stage name of Ida Brasse, supported her uncle, Richard, in repertoire. It was an artistic circle into which the lad entered and as Madame Rudersdorff had admission to the most exclusive Boston families the boy must have absorbed much from such an environment. At sixteen he had picked up a liberal musical education, and was matured beyond his years. While still in his teens he entered the counting house of Eben D. Jordan, a wealthy Boston merchant, remaining two years in his employ and contracting a friendship with the elder man that was to last a lifetime.

Occasionally, Richard felt the effects of his mother's spicy temper, at which times he would pack his satchel and slip away. At eighteen he arranged with her to let him rent a room in Boston—the Rudersdorff home was in the suburbs—and the youth managed to support himself by musical and dramatic criticisms. Later, he opened a studio and taught languages, varying his pursuits by painting water colors, which he sold to his friends. "But when I had sold pictures to all my friends," he confessed, long after, "I discovered I had no friends." Amateur theatricals engaged his attention

and proved his bent, but in 1877 he was sent to England to study art, on an allowance. However, he soon abandoned this project and for the next few years looked to the stage for a living, his remittances having ceased, owing to a quarrel with his mother.

His experiences at this period were trying ones. Engagements were scarce and those he did get were not long retained, owing to his eccentricities of genius. It was a bitter struggle for recognition, which was slow in coming. Years after, when at the meridian of his fame, in February, 1898, addressing the faculty and students of Chicago university, he gave a hint of those early London days when, by the light of a candle, he cooked his own poor meal and counted himself lucky if he had a hot baked potato, which first warmed his hands before it did similar service for his stomach. Oc-

His first success was as the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," a role requiring a good voice in addition to agility in dancing. He made a hit, but the young man was ambitious to succeed in legitimate parts, and he suddenly resigned from the company, went to New York and applied to Manager Palmer for an opening. He was given small bits at first, but he was ambitious and determined. His chance came when J. H. Stoddard declined to play the part of Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance." It was finally entrusted to Mansfield, and how he succeeded in winning the public and establishing his fame is a fascinating story graphically told by Mr. Wilstach. They who were privileged to witness Mansfield's wonderful portraiture of the flaccid little old baron, the lecherous rouse who collapses at a wine supper given in honor of a ballet

contrasting dual roles of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a study that earned him an extraordinary triumph, but which Mr. Mansfield never admired, although he respected its box office capabilities. At a little midnight supper in Los Angeles in 1905, to which a few choice spirits were bidden he confided to this reviewer that the play always repelled him, but its drawing powers made possible the artistic offerings of Alceste in the "Misanthrope," Don Carlos, and other presentations that did not appeal to the general public with the force of the Stevenson production. What a four hours was that that with Mansfield! His wit, his grace, his charming conversational powers, his fascinating reminiscences, his delightfully served supper, his unaffected demeanor—who of the four or five that sat down with him will ever forget that memorable 12-to-4 experience? It was his farewell visit to the coast. A letter dated New Orleans, Dec. 28, 1905, written in his private car, recalls the evening with pleasure and ends by inviting this recipient to "write something" for your "very sincere friend," Richard Mansfield. But, alas, before it could take shape, the talented actor had passed away.

It was his London experience in 1888-9, when he made his stellar debut at the Lyceum that resulted in saddling him with a mountain of debt, from which he did not emerge for seven years. His production of "Richard III" was an artistic triumph, but a costly financial experience, attributable to the fact that the season was wrong, the actor comparatively unknown as a star, and the contrast from the same stage with Henry Irving, an established favorite, too marked. He tried "King Richard" in America, but the public was too used to rant and fustian at that time to accept his characterization and the play was withdrawn after a four weeks' run. Dark days ensued for the actor-manager, but he never lost his grip and the warm reception given to "Richard III" in Chicago inspired and sustained him. In that discerning city Mansfield always reigned a favorite, and he had ever a warm regard for it.

"Beau Brummell" brought him additional fame and helped to fill his depleted treasury. His impersonation of the Beau is a delightful memory. The grace, charm, polish and perfection of his art never was better displayed than in this role. "Don Juan," "Nero," and "The Scarlet Letter" followed, succeeded by his remarkable production of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1893, when his Shylock proved to be one of his most celebrated roles. He made it the embodiment of malignant, implacable hatred, although in appearance his Jew was venerable and his gait rather feeble. "Arms and the Man" was not a money-maker, although it provoked a storm of critical praise for Mr. Shaw's comedy and the acting. He retired it for "Napoleon," which proved a profitable venture. "Rodion the Student" came next, in the denotement of whose accusing conscience, Mansfield gave a subtly-stirring performance.

To that time, however, he had not achieved financial success, and as he reviewed the neglect of the public properly to appreciate his King Richard, Don Juan, Nero, Shylock, Napoleon, and lesser impersonations, it is not strange that the actor waxed a bit cynical, with fatigue, disappointment and debts enveloping him. But a turn of affairs was at hand, and following the production of "Castle Sombra," he engaged the former stock manager, A. M. Palmer, to act as his business manager. Good fortune attended his efforts from that date to the end of his career. "The Devil's Disciple," another Shaw comedy, was put on, in which Mansfield made one change from the original text. Shaw resented it, "shrieking across the At-



RICHARD MANSFIELD, AS RICHARD III

"Life of Mansfield," by Paul Wilstach—Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.

asionally, he sold a picture or a magazine article, but these strikes were not numerous.

His first hit was as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., in a second company playing "Pinafore." This was in the fall of 1877, before he was twenty-one. His salary was \$15 a week. A year later he was advanced, by the fortunate illness of a principal in a number one company, to fill the role of the first lord of the admiralty, playing long engagements in the larger provincial cities. From "Pinafore" he gravitated into the Major General of the "Pirates," again scoring a hit with his voice and his graceful dancing. In 1881, he joined the Globe stock company and the year following news of his mother's death reached him. Richard was named as her sole heir. A few months later he yielded to the advice of his old friend, Mr. Jordan, and left London for New York, where A. M. Palmer, Wallack, and Augustine Daly maintained rival theaters, tenanted by the finest stock companies in America. Besides these, Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Clara Morris, Mary Anderson, Modjeska, Janauschek, and other favorites were enjoying deserved success.

To enter these lists required courage, but Mansfield did not despair.

girl and her professional sisters, will never forget the superb art of that performance. With it Mansfield came into his own; the public and the critics acclaimed him as a great artist. He was then twenty-six.

Two years later he acquired all right to "A Parisian Romance," and began a starring tour, which proved unprofitable. The public in the provinces had yet to wake up to the Mansfield genius and the young actor returned to subordinate work, among other stars, supporting Minnie Madden Fiske for a season. Offers of a big salary tempted him to return to light opera. Joining John Stetson's "Mikado" company in Boston he achieved new triumphs as Ko-Ko, the lord high executioner, whose opening song, "Taken From the County Jail," is still recalled with delight by the present reviewer. But the part was not to his liking and presently he returned to "Baron Chevrial" and, later, to "Prince Karl," in which new medium he found he had a great money-maker. If he had stuck to it he might have won a great fortune, if not so great fame. It was in this play that Beatrice Cameron joined the company and whom Richard Mansfield was to marry six years later, Sept. 15, 1892.

His next great success was in the

lantic for 'heart interest.' Mansfield courteously replied, 'Heart interest be d—d.' Not to be outdone in courtly extravagance, the Irishman cabled 'Same to you.' "The First Violin" followed, a poetic bit that charmed the public without entailing much expense or demanding much energy on the part of its producer.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" was the play that took the country by storm, and which added immensely to the actor's fame. This reviewer was called upon to write the critique for his paper at its initial production in Chicago and he had no hesitation in declaring that as Cyrano Mansfield reached the apex of his powers of acting. It was a whimsical portrayal peculiarly fitted to the talents of this character actor. As contrasted with Coquelin's Cyrano in many respects it was superior, particularly in the versified introduction of the cadets of Gascoigne, which musketry of words, accompanied by the clash of crossed steel, ended in an outburst of enthusiasm whose echoes are still heard. As both Coquelin and Mansfield played in Chicago at the same time, the contrast was inevitable, but Mansfield did not suffer.

"Beaucaire," "Julius Caesar," and "Old Heidelberg" were added to the repertoire in turn, each proving profitable productions. "Ivan the Terrible," "The Misanthrope," and "Don Carlos" completed the list with one exception. Mr. Wiltach has succeeded admirably in the presentation of Mansfield, the Actor, telling of his artistic triumphs and his financial failures with faithful attention to details, but of Mansfield, the Man, there is much yet to be said, and this is noted without any desire to detract from the excellence of the present work. In the glimpse he gives of Mansfield's deep affection for his wife and his love for his boy, George Gibbs Mansfield, Mr. Wiltach has been most happy. Than the charming letters to the little lad at home with his mother, written for the most part when en tour, nothing could more faithfully reveal the tender side of the actor's nature. He always had a soft spot in his heart for children, and he poured out his fatherly love in his whimsical letters to the little fellow to whom his mother read aloud the amusing conceits, composed between cities, hundreds of miles away from their recipient. Lack of space forbids their quotation here, but they teem with delicate imagery, beautiful thoughts and picturesque language, well calculated to entertain the small son, not omitting fatherly admonitions when necessary. Mrs. Mansfield, naturally, was the interpreter of this delightful correspondence.

Alas, that the grim reaper should have made his demand so soon! In the production of "Peer Gynt," Ibsen's almost unactable dramatic poem, with its marked contrasts and shifting impulses that so appealed to Mansfield's art, he found a great medium for expression, but its exactions proved his undoing. His conquest of this new role was at the expense of his health, and although he lived to see his efforts as an imaginative and interpretative artist accorded the highest praise, the great tension of that season of 1906-7 was so insistent that his debilitated body refused to meet the demands and in March he was obliged to desist, and disband his company. A sea voyage did little good and, with his wife and Gibbs, and his brother, Felix, he returned to America after a few weeks only passed in the south of England. At "Seven Acres," New London, Conn., where he had wired to have a new home ready for his coming, he was wheeled inside the recently completed house and a few days later took to his bed, never to leave it in life.

Mr. Wiltach has told with a delicate repression of that farewell scene between Mrs. Mansfield and the dying man. Richard Mansfield's last words were in answer to his wife's repetition of "God is life." He awoke and recognized her, pressed her hand and answered, "God is love." Then he drew her to him and kissed her. "As he released her he lay smiling peacefully, his eyes open for a moment with a look of joy and delight, and the smile remained as he fell asleep." So passed away America's greatest character actor known to the modern stage. There is yet much to be said analytically of his art, and of his intimate personality, but Mr. Wiltach has

given the public a delightful, if somewhat biased, story of the actor's rather stormy, but busy life, and they who read it must acknowledge a debt of gratitude. The illustrations are numerous, and the mechanical presentation well up to the high standard of the publisher. "Richard Mansfield: the Man and the Actor." By Paul Wiltach. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

S. T. C.

"Conquest of the Great Northwest"

It is one thing to string solemn, old, musty facts together in the order of their logical sequence, making them into a book, duly chaptered and indexed, the compiler complacently laying claim to the title of "historian." But something delightfully, brilliantly different to accomplish is that which has been done by Agnes C. Laut, that dashing chronicler, in her luminous "Conquest of the Great Northwest," one of the best, by far, of the year's



THE TOLL

From "A Canyon Voyage," by F. S. Dellenbaugh
---Copyright G. P. Putnam's Sons.

output of books. In the two handsome volumes, beautifully illustrated and neatly bound, wherein the tempestuous career in our American north-west of that greatly famous commercial enterprise, known as the Hudson's Bay company, is followed, Miss Miss Laut has gone on record once more as the most sympathetic, responsive and human historian we have had or shall have in many a long day.

Not that this doughty writer slops over with emotion, allowing her heart to influence calm judgment; she doesn't faint at sight of blood, or stop her ears because of strong language—it was a rough, wild time those youthful days of America, and truthfully, justly, has the author limned them. But at the same time, she infuses into her pages a tender sense of romance, giving evidence of a large, kindly understanding of men and women in a way that uplifts and purifies a tale often heavy with crime, bitter selfishness and gross inhumanities indulged in alike by the savage and non-savage.

Miss Laut's methods are modern: to the point—swift in the telling, exact as to data; never boring the reader to stop by the way for the purpose of settling a squabble with an authority with whom she chances to differ (a popular fault with the ordinary historical writer), and finally, and always with an eye to the "news" feature of the matter printed. Beginning with the four voyages (the first taken in 1607, the last four years later), of the noble-spirited, "mad-souled dreamer," Henry Hudson, Miss Laut follows her hero sympathetically from the time of his first voyage to the new world and its waters, "chasing that rainbow myth, the pole," to the moment when, cast adrift in a frail craft in water he himself discovered, bound helpless, but shouting defiance to his fleeing enemies, who were none other than his own crew, in his own ship, Hudson and his devoted son disappeared from

history forever. A pretty company these unwilling sailors, impressed seamen and blackguard riffraff generally, of the London streets, to send with a man bent on the delicately difficult quest of finding the pole!

More than fifty years later, Charles II granted a royal charter to a band of "gentlemen adventurers" and very quietly, with much secrecy, the mighty Hudson's Bay company was founded. Its launching seems simple, considering the immense interests involved.

"A last shout, the tramp of sailors running around the capstans and the ships of the gentlemen adventurers of England leading to Hudson's bay are off; off to find and found a bigger empire for England than Russia, and Germany, and France, and Spain, and Austria combined."

Commenting on this remarkable royal charter, which King Charles granted so amiably, giving away all of modern Canada except New France, and most of the western states beyond the Mississippi, the author calls it the "purest piece of feudalism ever perpetrated on America; a thing alien to the thought of modern democracy and, withal, destined to play such a necessary part in the development of the northern empire." A flimsily constructed instrument it was through and through, but it served its purpose for two hundred years.

How valiantly and cleverly the Hudson's Bay company defended its rights against its rivals, the Pedlars, who "overran its territory as if royal charters were a joke and trading monopolies as extinct as the dodo;" from the Nor'westers and various other upstart concerns; how each side took the law into its own hands, with the most sanguinary results, make the liveliest reading possible—quite like a novel of the "bluggiest" variety. Yet there were gentler scenes to record, and who may scan the pages describing the sufferings and noble sacrifices of the early colonists brought out by the company without the keenest emotion. Obediently they came from homes, often of comfort, and obediently they laid them down and died for the good of this land we enjoy today.

As the Hudson's Bay company's explorations reach toward the Pacific, the interest of the western reader quickens. San Francisco, points in Washington, Oregon, California, the Columbia and Willamette valleys are places and localities familiar. One must smile to read how the Astorians were "jockeyed out of Astoria"—old gossip that is quite fresh as told by Miss Laut. A tidy bit of country the indefatigable company of "gentlemen adventurers" beat up! From the Hudson bay clean across the continent to the Pacific and to the south through Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, and California, the servants of this company were the genuine pioneers to blaze a way for all followers who might come. In summing up her story, Miss Laut pronounces this verdict on the company and its methods: "Its history is its verdict, and it is only fair to judge it by the codes of feudalism, rather than democracy. Judging by the codes of feudalism, there are few baronial or royal houses of two hundred years' family skeletons as the 'Gentlemen Adventurers' trading to Hudson's Bay." Trickery? To be sure; but then, it was an old order fighting a new, an old fencer trying to parry the fancy thrusts of an enemy with a new style of sword play. The old order was Feudalism. The new was Democracy.

Hudson's Bay company exists now in a modified, subdued form. It played a great part in its day, but that day is done. Plenty of maps, and, as has been said, beautiful illustrations embellished this admirable book. The author vouches for much new material gathered from hitherto unexplored documents in the making of it. Miss Laut is a tireless searcher, an absolutely conscientious chronicler, as well as a delightful raconteur. It is the best presentation of the vast subject of the Hudson's Bay company's relation to our continent that has yet been offered in points of clarity, style and general arrangement of data. ("The Conquest of the Great Northwest." By Agnes C. Laut. The Outing Publishing Co.) B. McG. R.

With its breezy messages of cheerfulness and its philosophy of happi-

ness, the Nautilus for December is one of the best issues of the year. Many good articles of interest comprise the number, one of special note being the article on "The Aztecs, Toltecs and Tlascalians," by Prof. Edgar Lucien Larkin of the Mt. Lowe observatory. "How to Find Your Affinity," by Adelaide Keen, is a timely treatise. Several poems and installments of continued essays complete an interesting edition.

"Women, Etc."

If the breadth of a book is to be judged by its title, "Women," by George Harvey, certainly claims a good deal. The author does not qualify, but adds "etc.," as though that included the few things left untouched by the larger title. And so it does, for Mr. Harvey makes no apology for changing his subject on every page, feeling justified, no doubt, by his title. He discusses lightly or seriously every question of the day, from woman's right to "enhance nature's charms," to the Japanese problem.

There is a nice paragraph on suffrage, which cannot be resisted. It is said:

For the purposes, therefore, of purifying the ballot, of establishing and maintaining lofty standards as to the qualifications required of candidates for public office, of effecting an even distribution of earnings, of providing a heavier balance of disinterestedness and conservatism against greed and radicalism, we reiterate the expression of our firm belief that universal suffrage has now become, not only desirable, but almost a paramount necessity.

If there was a suffrage party, this would do for a plank. But other titles, as the "Sagacious Frivolity of Widows," "The power of Sentiment," "Are We Unconsciously Becoming Socialistic?" and "On Behalf of Satan," show his wide sympathies and droll bent of humor.

An informal collection of essays of brilliant variety, they are characterized by a shrewd insight into human nature, a matured judgment, a patriotic Americanism, all touched with a nice wit that makes the volume entrancing. ("Women, Etc." By George Harvey. Harper & Bros.)

"Viva Mexico"

Several years ago a number of otherwise blameless people suddenly acquired the Saturday Evening Post habit, because they wanted that much to read the experiences of a Harvard freshman as set forth by Charles Maccomb Flandrau. For the same excellent reason many people will no doubt buy the volume which has just appeared with his name on the title page, called "Viva Mexico."

It would appear that part of Mr. Flandrau's time has been most willingly and happily passed in coffee growing somewhere in the tierra templada, between the devil and the deep sea. The result, while sufficiently modest, has the lasting charm of all personal experiences when the person himself happens to be interesting, with the added factor that anything about Mexico has difficulty in being dull.

Being buttonholed by somebody—or anybody—who has just returned and will not be restrained of his tale is a common circumstance here in Los Angeles. It would be an easy matter to start a large and prevailing society of Mexico-mad men and women.

In the course of telling just what happened to him and his, Mr. Flandrau has been amusing, tender, vivid and kindly keen. His life in the sister republic brought him into the most intimate contact with the real people who mean Mexico so much better and deeper than the dwellers in the three or four large and greatly alloyed cities.

It is perfectly clear that the "common people" who worked for him, while freely exhibiting their provoking and fascinating individualities, firmly trusted and loved him, and his sane and humorous point of view to themward might be set up as a model for the usual American superciliousness. The charm of the tropical country—its color, its danger, its wonderful fascination—have in Mr. Flandrau an adequate chronicler. To begin to quote would be to print most all there is of the book—but the wit and wisdom of speaking of Mexico as "not a republic but a military Diazpotism" is too attractive to omit.

There was once an English school-

boy who translated the familiar latin phrase, "I am a man, but I never thought anybody else was," and thereby expressed the usual Anglo-Saxon attitude toward the foreigner. The author of "Viva Mexico" holds quite other views and his ability to make his readers understand both the virtues and the failings of their Mexican neighbors arises from his own big human sympathy with all sorts and conditions.

To one about to go to Mexico, the book is invaluable. To one who has been, it is like a fond, recalling-picture of all that was funniest, most attractive and curious. And it may easily induce a wise and optimistic spirit of kindly travel even in those who read merely for the forgetfulness of the hour and the ephemeral charm of a graceful writer. ("Viva Mexico," By Charles Macomb Flandrau. D. Appleton & Co.)

Mosher's Exquisite Publications

Have you the Mosher habit? If not, get it. The Mosher books are a joy to the book-lover, both from the inside and outside. In addition to the gems of literature, often rare and out of print, which are a feature of the Portland, Maine, publishers, his books are printed from the type upon genuine hand-made paper; no machine-made deckle-edge imitations issue from his press. Every volume has its parchment wrapper and slide case, duly labelled, ready for the library shelf, thereby insuring long life to the book. It is in such apparent trifles, which are really luxuries that charm, that Mr. Mosher excels.

As the publisher of the dainty "Bible-lost"—than which no more delightful gift to a friend than a year's subscription to this unique little monthly magazine can be conceived, unless it were for two years—Mr. Mosher has become known to a large circle of those who love what is best in literature. It is in the hope that his books will find a larger and larger sale in Los Angeles and Southern California that this all too brief appreciation of a few of his holiday publications is printed. Such a delightful variety, such a world of choice literature in prose and poetry, and how attractively presented! The cost of each little volume is trifling and yet what richer, better gift to a discerning friend than one of these Old World series of booklets, printed on Von Gelder paper, with specially designed head-bands and tail-pieces, done in flexible Japan vellum covers. What a treat they are! What a boon to the recipient!

There is the "Liber Amoris" of William Hazlett, that revelation of his infatuation for the daughter of his landlady, which in its confessional aspect is reminiscent of Rousseau. He turned his heart out to so dangerous an extent that he almost burlesqued the divine passion in his ardor. Its publication won for the author much harsh criticism and not a little unpleasant notoriety.

"Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" is another testament too little known in this country. The author, Eugene Lee-Hamilton, died in Florence a little more than a year ago and his sonnets, Edith Wharton has told us, "picture the successive phases of despair, submission and triumphant courage through which their author passed in the course of his long illness."

"The Pearl," is an English vision poem, of the fourteenth century, done into modern verse by Marian Mead. The poem, beginning with the lament of a father for his infant daughter, under the symbol of a pearl ** passes on to a revelation in dream of her bliss in paradise. Aside from its spiritual aspect "The Pearl" has lyrical power, and the note of sorrowing love throughout will find an echo in the hearts of all readers who have mourned. Centuries old though the poem is, the human quality in it has never died.

Twenty-one poems by Lionel Johnson, who died in 1902, selected by William Butler Yeats, by race and temperament best able to estimate aright the worth of the lyrics of his countryman, are supplemented by seven additional poems, chosen by the publisher as more adequately presenting Johnson's lyrical gifts. They form a charming little volume.

Admirers of William Ernest Henley, that great friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, and encourager of scores

of young writers he "discovered," will welcome the opportunity to get in this Old World series of Mr. Mosher's Henley's "Echoes of Life and Death," so beautifully dedicated to his wife:

Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you;

And, singing as when all was young,
They will recall
Those others lived, but left unsung—
The best of all.

It is an exquisite collection, containing forty-seven poems in all, just as Henley finally revised and arranged them.

Fiona Macleod's "Driftage" of 'Nature Thoughts,' as Stevenson has termed these wonderful appreciations of nature by the Celtic poet and author, reveals this delightful writer in many moods and with the complex charm of a mystical singer. Who that has lived much on the desert, and taken mental inventory of himself under the cold, clear stars, when the camp fire burns low, will not appreciate this thought:

"It is in 'the desert,' whether in the wilderness of the unpeopled waste or in that of the mind where the imagination wanders like a lonely hunter on the trail of the obscure and the unknown, that the whisper of Destiny is supremely audible. It is on the eddying air. It is in the sigh of the grass. The green branch whispers it. It is in the brown leaf, on the grey wind."

Again, after lingering long and lovingly over the intervening pages with their wealth of imagery, beauty and pathos, there is disclosed this beautiful passage:

"Far in an island-sanctuary that I shall not see again, where the wind chants the blind oblivious rune of Time, I have heard the grasses whisper: 'Time never was. Time is not.'"

It is an exquisite little book, to be read at even, when the children are safely abed and the cares of the day deliberately forgotten.

Of a far different nature, but betraying vast depth of knowledge and a wealth and variety of emotion, are selections from the writings of Robert G. Ingersoll, called "Toward Humanity." They are edited by Anne Montgomerie Traubel.

Who that is familiar with the works of Thomas de Quincey can ever forget that brief episode in his life with poor Ann, the outcast. No one can question the truth of this "memory," which is told by the youth—De Quincey was then only seventeen, the year was 1802—with a pathos that still remains unique in English literature. Think of it, this poor pariah of the streets was only sixteen! De Quincey sought her in vain after their enforced separation. What became of her? Says Victor Hugo:

"Alas! What are all these destinies thus driven pell mell? Whither go they? Why are they so? He who knows that, sees all the shadow. He is alone. He is God."

Another of Fiona Macleod's delicately-beautiful conceptions in this Old World series is "Three Legends of the Christ-Child," written with that fullness of charm which marks all the literary productiveness of this Celtic author. Anne M. Batchelder has supplied an appreciative foreword. It is a Christmastide offering of rare quality.

Francis Thompson's mystical poem, "Hound of Heaven," is described by James Douglas as "molten white with the passion of the imaginative conscience, the anguish of the soul that flies before the dim vision of a pursuing God." It is a remarkable conception.

To Wordsworth's inimitable "Ode on Immortality" is given a preface by Mr. Mosher, who alludes to the similarity of substance and spirit in this grand ode to that contained in the meditations of Thomas Traherne, who flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century. He does not disparage Mr. Bertram Dobell's rehabilitation of Traherne's poems, and far from lessening in his esteem the merit of Wordsworth's abiding achievement, the inspiration of the earlier poet but adds to his appreciation of the later one's masterpiece.

John Vance Cheney's little song and sonnet sequence, "The Time of Roses," is as dainty in presentment as the lyr-

Any book reviewed in this number obtained of us at lowest possible price

Through Ramona's Country

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "The Old Missions of California," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," etc. Fully illustrated from photographs.

Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, in box, \$2.00. Half morocco, \$4.00

Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch Company

The Big Book Store, 252 South Spring Street

ics are beautiful. It will prove an exquisite memento of the holiday season, which in Southern California is not less the time of roses.

Final of the series is the bibliographical edition of Oscar Wilde's poetical works, together with "poems in prose," properly assigned to their true position. It is a splendid collection of all the poetic outpourings of the brilliant, but erratic author.

If these inadequately described Mosher books are not obtainable from one's favorite book-seller, it is a simple matter to address Thomas B. Mosher at Portland, Maine, requesting a pricelist or ordering any or all of the above series. More exquisitely-made little books, or richer literary contents it were hard to find anywhere. S. T.C.

"Three of a Kind"

It is an odd trio—a dreamy, kindly, old German musician, a waif of a newsboy, and a cocker spaniel, that form the "Three of a Kind," about which Dr. Richard Burton writes with sympathetic pen and with the poetic touch that illumines the simple little story of companionship. How the three came together, the training of "Dun," the cocker spaniel, by his young master to do all sorts of cunning tricks, the pathetic figure of the lonesome musician, wistfully dreaming of a lost love, the finding of Phil, the newsboy, fatherless and motherless, whom he adopts as his own, only to find in him the son of the woman of his early love, their trials, their joys and their final happiness constitute an idyllic little tale that is filled with the Christmastide spirit. Writing fiction



RICHARD BURTON

is a new role for Dr. Burton. Here on the coast he has charmed many by his delightful essays, his poems and his illuminating lectures on literary and dramatic topics. No less will he please by this new departure. There is, perhaps, a trifle too much polish in the story, suggestive of the literary finish that is second nature to the essayist and poet, but he would be an ingrate who would carp at this feature in these days of shipshod writing. ("Three of a Kind," By Richard Burton. Little, Brown & Co.)

Rare Old Books at Dawson's

Bibliophiles—and there should be many in Los Angeles—have a fine "browsing" spot in Ernest Dawson's

"REVELATIONS OF THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL"

By M. Evalyn Davis. Baumgardt Publishing Co. Elegantly bound in blue and gold. Illustrated. 222 pages. The oneness of all life, the kinship of God and man, the omnipotence of mind over matter, the spiritual possibilities of all men are themes in this collection of epigrammatic poems in prose and metrical measure. Price \$1.00, foreign \$1.25. On sale at the leading Book-stores.

The MOSHER BOOKS

The only collection of genuine hand-made paper books at popular prices in America THE MOSHER BOOKS are sold by most book-sellers, but if yours does not keep them my latest catalogue will put you in touch with these editions. Catalogue for 1908 sent free on request.

Please mention The Graphic.

THOMAS B MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

A TENDERFOOT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By M. D. Yeslah

A Christman present that will cure indigestion.

Send one back home.
For Sale by all Local Booksellers at One Dollar

book shop on Hill street, facing Central park. A glance through his catalogue of rare and early works reveals many choice old volumes in vellum and calf, with copper engravings, that make one's mouth water covetously. There are several hundred such, many having the bookplates of the original owners, and include classics in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and English. For a genuine book-lover no more felicitous present can be imagined than one of the rare old books which Mr. Dawson and his gifted associate, H. W. Collins, a life-long bibliophile, have managed to collect.

"Through Ramona's Country"

"Through Ramona's Country," by George Wharton James is a book that should be in the hands of every lover of Southern California, and in the library of every dweller in this favored land. It will be reviewed at length in a forthcoming issue of The Graphic, the advance sheets arriving too late for consideration in the annual book number. For more than twenty years Mr. James has been pursuing his investigations into the subject; he is personally familiar with every Indian village that Mrs. Jackson visited with Albert Kenney when studying the condition of the Indians in Southern California; his well-known studies of the historical conditions, as well as the present conditions from a geographical, agricultural, floricultural and scenic viewpoint, of the region described by him as Ramona's country, promise a graphic series of word pictures; his knowledge of the Indians and sympathy with them insure a

sympathetic treatment of the subject. Mr. James possesses a large number of Mrs. Jackson's personal letters; his collection of photographs on the subject is large and comprehensive. It is a volume that is bound to interest every one who has read "Ramona," for it will give for the first time the intimate facts that led to the novel's creation, pointing out what is fact, and what is fiction. ("Through Ramona's Country." By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Race or Mongrel"

This is of the books that make one do a little thinking, whether he likes it or not. Mr. Schultz is not precisely persuasive; on the contrary, he is aggressive, full of crotchets, and fond of knocking chips off people's shoulders by assertive epigrams. But, unfortunately for those prejudiced against his position, he has an extraordinary number of facts to support his contentions.

The contents of the book are well outlined on the title-page: "a brief history of the rise and fall of the ancient races of the earth; a theory that the fall of nations is due to intermarriage with alien stocks; a demonstration that a nation's strength is due to racial purity; a prophecy that America will sink to early decay unless immigration is rigorously restricted." These are the things which the writer professes to prove, and he makes a remarkably strong prima facie case; though one may, perhaps, have a suspicion, when it comes to marshaling the infinitely intricate facts of the history of all the races of earth, that some one else might marshal them differently, with equally plausible results. The first fifteen chapters, treating of the ancient peoples through the mediaeval period, are particularly open to this suspicion; it is hardly likely that one can find a single simple yardstick with which to measure the various problems of their decline and fall. In the latter half of the book, dealing with Germany, South America, China, Japan, England, and America, one feels at least that the argument can be followed more intelligently, and that the evidence is still open to study. As to American conditions, the principal facts regarding the growth of immigration and the decline in its quality are by this time pretty familiar; but Mr. Schultz contributes more surprising conclusions of his own, such as the claim that the mixed stock, even that proceeding from the better class of alien immigrants, such as the German-American, has contributed absolutely nothing of worth to the nation.

The style of the book is bad from the viewpoint of coherence and finish; one is never quite sure when he will be switched off to a paragraph bearing no obvious relation to its predecessor, or arrested in order to hear once more the sentence which the author evidently repeats at regular intervals throughout his waking hours. "The mongrel is worthless everywhere." But for such vigor as will usually hold the attention, the style is well adapted to the purpose in hand. In almost every chapter is enunciated a theory calculated to make one "sit up and take notice." As for example: Jesus was not a Jew; it was fortunate for the race that the Jews did not accept his teaching; a nation that gives up its own language for another will say nothing worth hearing; the tendency toward a universal language, "an everybody's tongue" which will be "no man's tongue," is pernicious; the idea that we can Americanize alien children by teaching them the Declaration of Independence is a superstition more silly than any known to the middle ages; the Monroe doctrine is an abomination, preventing the decent burial of the rotten cadavers of South America; the movement toward universal peace is as absurd as "the Socialist slogan that all men are the same kind of Hottentots";—these are among the novel doctrines which add to the interest, though perhaps detracting from the effectiveness, of this original book.

Coupled with these are passages more certainly sound and memorable, of which the following is the only specimen we have space to quote:

"The yellow peril does not consist in their great number, but in their moral and physical superiority. We are their superiors intellectually only,

and that intellectual superiority is becoming smaller every day. The yellow peril can be met only by making ourselves the moral, physical, and intellectual superiors of the yellows. A strong race must be created here; our family life must become purer; children must be taught to respect their parents and old age. Women must not murder their children, either before or after birth. Alcoholism must be stamped out. We must become able, if we are not, to do our own work." ("Race or Mongrel." By Alfred P. Schultz. L. C. Page & Co.)

"Browning's England"

To sit down with the English poets, is to be content. Perhaps it has not all been said—one would not discourage modernness—but how much has been said rhythmically, prettily, stirringly, with beauty, grace and spirit? This, apropos of "Browning's England; a Study of English Influences in Browning," by Helen Archibald Clarke. Browning's England is inevitably the England of Shakespeare, of Spencer, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and all the others, so to name a book "Brown-

such deserves first attention. "Browning's England." By Helen A. Clarke. The Baker & Taylor Co.)

"Musical Memories"

George P. Upton's "Musical Memories" is one of the most interesting books to musicians published in many years. No one man could have memories more interesting to the public than Mr. Upton. Since 1855 he has been associated with the press of Chicago, and aside from his books, which are in every musician's library, he has translated into English Nohl's "Life of Haydn," "Life of Liszt," and "Life of Wagner."

These "Memories" cover the years 1850-1900, and he says in his preface that he has confined them "only to those who have retired into the shady nooks of life and to that other goodly company for whom are the last words of Canio in Pagliacci, 'La commedia è finita.'" They go back to Jenny Lind's first American triumph, when Phineas Barnum "treated his new venture after the manner of a musical circus." Mr. Upton says: "It was an incongruous partnership, but genius maintained its

vs. Patti, and Hauck vs. Roze, which show the idiosyncracies of the artistic temperament.

Lives of the great singers have been written, but reading Mr. Upton's book is like having a long talk with one who knew well all these great ones; knew their work musically and the many interesting personal things which, probably, never before have been published. It is said: "I came to Chicago in the early fifties and met a little singer first entering her teens, whose name is writ large in the operatic history of this country." Then follows a chapter on Adelina Patti. Parents hoping that their children may be musical will read in the Patti chapter, "There was not an impulse, an influence, or a purpose in her early life which was not musical." The public has always credited Patti with being the originator of the farewell habit. In speaking of Ole Bull, Mr. Upton says:

He gave "plain farewells," "grand farewells," "last farewells," "absolutely last farewells" and "positively last farewells," all the rest of his life, and blithely reappeared in Chicago almost every year during the next quarter of a century. Perhaps it was not his fault, he may have had a "retiring" disposition. It was unfortunate, however, because Adelina caught the infection and gave us many farewells, pathetic and lovely, closing each with "Home, Sweet Home;" but she was always forgiven, for who could sing "Sweet Home" like her?"

"Musical Memories is not monotonous, treating entirely of artists, but the early history of music in Chicago is told in a delightful, personal way, and the instance related of the first production of a symphony. Accounts of the visits of all the great violinists, pianists, and fascinating anecdotes concerning them, keep the interest alive every moment. To those never having had the privilege of hearing Rubinstein, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Thalberg, Von Bulow, and all the others, the reading of Mr. Upton's book comes the nearest to atoning for the lost opportunity. ("Musical Memories." By G. P. Upton. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Tempting Holiday Book

"Sun and Shadow in Spain," by Maud Howe, the result of the author's wanderings in that picturesque country is a handsome holiday book, illustrated with four full-page plates in color and many other pictures from photographs never before reproduced. The book will be reviewed in these columns next week. It is a tempting publication, produced in Little, Brown & Co.'s best style.

"In Viking Land"

Too little of a reliable down-to-date nature is known of the Land of the Midnight Sun, hence a new book on the subject teeming with information such as W. S. Monroe has written, handsomely illustrated with forty-seven full-page illustrations, is warmly welcomed. The author, who several years ago was connected with the public schools of Pasadena, says in the introduction that the work is based upon two vacation trips in Norway. The amount of information contained in the volume proves, however, an intimate familiarity with the land itself, its interesting people, and denotes the great strides of progress that have been made in the last half century. A good description of the far-famed Norwegian fjords is followed with an equally interesting account of the far less known, though equally attractive "fields" or highlands. Nor has the author forgotten to incorporate a valuable description of the one hundred and fifty thousand islands that fringe the Norwegian mainland, and form the one-fourteenth part of the country. These islands are the homes of about three hundred thousand people—one-eighth of the population of Norway—principally engaged in fishing, which yields in return about two million dollars annually. The splendid sailors, for which Norway is famed all over the world, receive their early training in the fisheries. It is a severe schooling, indeed, for statistics show that one of every five is doomed to a watery grave.

There is a chapter devoted to early Norwegian history. "The Viking Age" is a fascinating part of European history. It is well known that from ten to twelve centuries ago "royal youths



STREET IN TANGIERS.

FROM "SUN AND SHADOW IN SPAIN," BY MAUD HOWE

—Copyright, Little, Brown & Co.

ing's England" is only driving a new peg upon which to hang all the old delightful things.

How Browning was first influenced by Shelley is a familiar and pretty story. He saw in a book stall a thin little volume, marked "Mr. Shelley's Atheistical Poems; Very Scarce." It was a new name to him and aroused his curiosity. His mother, by dint of much searching about London bookshops, succeeded in getting the entire list of Shelley's volumes at Ollier's in Vere street. Then how eagerly the young poet devoured the beauty of the older one, and at once became both an atheist and a vegetarian!

Illustrated and beautifully printed, the present volume is most attractive. It includes for the main part reprinted poems relating to particular places or people or events in England and their probable bearing upon Browning's development. Among the illustrations are a lovely picture of Browning at 23, showing a clear cut profile, full eyes, with a tense, sweet mouth and firm chin; pictures of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Bunyan; first folio portrait of Shakespeare, Charles I. and others famous in song and story. It is pre-eminently a gift book and as

dignity and truth against the cunning tricks of the showman." One of the many anecdotes related which shows to what extent the Jenny Lind fever took possession of every one is an advertisement headed "Just Arrived," which reads:

At 168 Lake street a beautiful lot of Jenny Lind long and square shawls, extra fine quality and neat and elegant styles, such as adorn the graceful form of that universal charmer, the Swedish Nightingale, whose inimitable warblings and acts of noble benevolence are now the admiration of the world. Also Jenny Lind dress goods, etc., at our one-price cash store.

Students and singers will find in this book the most graphic description of Jenny Lind's singing and art, also the verdicts of celebrities of the time—Chopin, Clara Schumann, and Mendelssohn—concerning her. Altogether, the chapter on Jenny Lind is most unique and valuable. An account of "A Flight of Song-Birds" follows. These songsters were attracted to America by the success of the great Jenny, and the principal ones were Sontag and Albani. There are also details of some of the noted wars between prima donnas, notably Gerster

of twelve or fifteen years often went aboard as commanders of viking ships in order to test their manhood." They pirated on the shores of England, Scotland, and Ireland; entered the Seine at Havre and passed up to Paris. They even pillaged along the shores of the Mediterranean. We know how they settled in Normandy, giving their name to that part of France. We know that the grandfather of William the conqueror of Normandy was a Norwegian viking. But Mr. Monroe takes up the home life of these daring free-booters, describes their manners, customs and activities on their fjord farms during the long winter months which they usually pass in their homes, and by way of illustration shows two of the recently unearthed viking ships, which were discovered in the blue clay, where they had been preserved for the last ten centuries.

Norway is one of the oldest sovereign states in Europe. At the time when Alfred the Great was ruling England a Norwegian viking chief, Harold the Fair-Haired, overcame the numerous earls and kinglets and united them into the kingdom of Norway. Mr. Monroe gives an interesting and concise record from this time on, incorporating the introduction of Christianity, the union with Sweden and the final secession, for which the correct causes are given. The new kingdom of Norway, ruled by Haakan VII, son-in-law of King Edward of England, is dealt with in a chapter by itself. The lesson to be learned is, that, though in name the new Norway is a constitutional monarchy, as a matter of fact it is practically a democracy. The right of voting belongs to every citizen, including women. Members of the parliament receive \$3.25 a day during sessions. There are no millionaires or beggars in the land. Capital punishment has not been meted out since 1876, but punishment by imprisonment on bread and water often is resorted to. The income and legacy tax are the principal revenues of the government. The former is progressive; no income of less than \$300 is taxed; above \$3,000 the tax is five per cent.

Everybody should read Mr. Monroe's chapter on the control of the liquor traffic under the Gothenburg system. In fact this system is carried much further in Norway than in Sweden. Except in the larger cities it is practically impossible to purchase stimulants in that land. The system has been in operation for the last forty years and has resulted in a tremendous decrease in the use of stimulants. Originally, Norway consumed more alcohol per capita than any other country in Europe; today her consumption is less than every other country, except Finland, where, since the adoption of woman's suffrage, the liquor business has been practically legislated out of the country. What a signal lesson for this country.

Of the people themselves in Norway the author says with truth that they are plain in appearance; that independence and frankness characterize all classes of society. The absence of class has played a leading role in the widespread intelligence throughout the country, and the high place occupied in the culture history of Europe. The illiteracy is less than anywhere else in the world, amounting to but one-third of one per cent. In Russia, the illiteracy is eighty-nine per cent. In the chapter devoted to Bjornson and Ibsen is shown the debt moderns owe to Norwegian literature and that the author has a keen appreciation of Norwegian music is shown by the skillful manner in which he analyses the compositions of Grieg, Sinding, Kjerulf, and Norway's greatest composer Amelia Becker Grondahl. "In Viking Land" is a welcome contribution to the literature of one of the most interesting of countries. In addition, the book is a credit to the publishers typographically and mechanically. ("In Viking Land." By W. S. Monroe. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co.) B. R. B.

"The Leaven of Love"

With Southern California as its setting, Clara Louise Burnham's latest story, "The Leaven of Love," is of particular interest to Californians. Of plot the book has little—a simple theme of love, the bringing together of a husband and his wife gives the sole basis for the story—but interwoven in the tale is a second romance.

Optimism and cheeriness exude from the book's pages and permeating the story are the teachings of Christian science, told in such a way that the most opposed to the creed cannot be offended. Regina Beach, an attractive retreat on one of the islands in Casco Bay, near San Diego, is the scene where the plot of the book is centered. Catalina and Los Angeles also figure in the tale, and the descriptive bits are realistic to Southern Californians, as well as artistic, but those who live in this climatic paradise and are loyal sons and daughters or foster-children will be inclined to take exception to the flippant allusions to the luxuriant growth to be noted here, which Mrs. Burnham voices through one of her characters, Mrs. Bostwick. Declares the latter:

Southern California is a fraud, a deception and a fraud. There's one word ought to be written across the whole of Southern California, and that word is humbug. You know how it is at the theater. Nothing gets into your heart and soul 'cause you know it all ain't so. Well, all those painted palm trees and muslin roses on the stage ain't one bit more imitation than those you see here. Yes, ma'am, every sightly thing there is in this part of the world was planted here by the hand o' man. The soil was all irritated, or irrigated, or whatever they call it, so's to make it unnatural, and then these monstrosities set out. Good land, what plants! Now, I've got a nice rubber plant at home. Why, the neighbors come in to see it, it does so well. The kind they have here would flap over the eaves of my



SIBYL RAYNOR

From "Leaven of Love," by Clara Louise Burnham

house. I've got a border o' daisies in my garden. A daisy is a modest flower; it's noted for it. Do you suppose there's a modest daisy in California? Well, I guess not. They're on a level with your eyes, and stare at you bold as brass. My little pot of red geraniums makes the sittin'-room cheerful. Here they climb right out o' the ground up to the bedroom and snoop around the windows. There, we carry a palm-leaf fan to church. Here, they crackle away up in the air, big enough for a giant to use. It's all exaggerated and showy; just like stage doin's. I never go out here without feeling as if I was play-acting. There's more reality, and more nature, and more satisfaction in one North Haddam dandelion than there is in all the overgrown rose trees in that hotel grounds.

Figuring in the story, besides Mrs. Bostwick, are a Boston dame, who is keeping a friend's boarding house for a year; her nephew, Claude Raynor, and her niece, Sibyl Raynor, a happy young girl, bright and interesting; Violet Smith-Chamberlain, a bride of a year, her husband, Richard Chamberlain, from whom she has fled, believing him guilty of loving another woman; Belle Armitage, the girl responsible for the separation; her father, and Guy Lester. The plot is simple and the book's entertainment lies not in the ostensible end, but in the bright, amusing conversations, which are a large part, its note of good cheer and the vividly-drawn characters, which, together with its wholesome love story, should make the book appeal with especial interest to girls. ("The Leaven of Love." By Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

"Salthaven"

So well known already is the delicious quality of W. W. Jacob's writing that there is little to be said of a new book from his pen, except that it is quite in the style of earlier volumes

and of the same whimsical humor. "Salthaven" is a novel, but each chapter has a separate charm of its own apart from the main highway of the story. Mr. Jacob's sea captains are truly delightful characters and there are several of them concerned in the events at Salthaven. The thread of the novel makes no pretention to intricacy or any particular depth. It concerns the love of Robert Vyner for the daughter of his father's chief clerk and every page is full of amusing interest. There are several other pairs of lovers, who cross the path of the persistent Mr. Robert and complicate his difficulties for him, but Joan Hartley is worth every effort he has to make. It is a delightful story told in Mr. Jacob's best style. ("Salthaven." By W. W. Jacob. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"More's Millenium"

It is nearly four hundred years since Sir Thomas More wrote his celebrated Utopia, that entertaining work which so charmed his friend, the scholar, Erasmus, and drew from the latter an interesting correspondence which has, in turn, delighted students and scholars ever since. More would be regarded today, as a socialist, but not of the radical type; rather a progressive liberal of the LaFollette-Bristow order. Hiss work, originally printed in Latin, is regarded by Mr. Paget, as the mental exercise of a man of the world—"a statesman's intellect taking relaxation from the responsibility of practical life and politics along the freer, lighter paths of abstract theory and fugitive imagination." His medium of expression is Raphael Hythlodote, Portuguese by birth, a supposititious Greek and Latin scholar, a philosopher who had traveled much, including several voyages with Americus Vesputius, which brings him into touch with the country that honored Master Americus more than he really deserved.

In the Utopia, described by More, through Hythlodote, the aim, evidently, was to satirize the avarice of the rich and the gross lives of the poor, in England. This imagined state was shown to possess a system of social happiness in marked contrast to conditions existing in his own country; it is an idealized community where all are contented, all are usefully employed, where wants are few, and six hours' labor suffice for a day. In this Utopia neither laziness nor avarice found a place. One of the oldest laws was that no man should be punished for his religion. Converts to a faith or to a political party were made "by the force of amicable and modest argument," without bitterness against those of opposing opinions; whoever added reproach and violence to persuasion was condemned to banishment or slavery. O, it was a marvellous Utopia that More evolved!

It is singular that in the discharge of his office of lord chancellor, under Henry VIII, Sir Thomas was noted for the harshness of his sentences for religious opinions, and was guilty of great severities in individual instances. Froude styles More a "merciless bigot." Milder commentators believe he was conscientiously of the opinion that "it was better heretics should die than that they should con-

BAKER-WUEST COMPANY

Announce the purchase of the business of Mr. J. M. Barbour—known as the Ramona Book Store—located at 516 South Broadway.

The business will be continued at the same location. The room will be enlarged and remodelled to make this among the most modern and up-to-date Book and Art stores in Los Angeles, and the business will be known as the "Greek Lamp Book and Art Shop" of Los Angeles, at your service.

BAKER-WUEST COMPANY

WATCH FOR OUR
JANUARY CLEAR-
ANCE SALE

THUSNELDA A Song of the Heart By Neander P. Cook

This book contains the Thuringian Wedding Ceremony, the envy of all brides. Then there is Thusnelda's farewell to her trysting-place; the heroism of Signe; the quivering heart of Ragni, the outcast, with her babe, watching the nuptials under the castle window; the forsaken bridesmaid, and Eunice the Un-wooded and the scenes in Fensalir (heaven), all never-to-be forgotten characters. "A book that you will treasure and buy for your friends. In hand-illustrated covers, 60cts.

We would like you to see this book for yourself, and will send it this week to you on approval—keep it two days—if you like it, send us 60 cents, if not, return it to us.

The Weimar Press, 3015-17 S. Main St., Los Angeles

tinue in heresy." It is difficult to harmonize this trait with the views expressed in his Utopia that no man ought to be punished for his religion. Erasmus and other writers indicate that More was a charming friend, but while noble in many of his attributes, evidently, he was sadly inconsistent in spots.

However, he went to the block cheerfully for his convictions, refusing to sanction the royal divorce which Henry desired from Catherine of Arragon. He also declined to take the oath of adherence; for this he was imprisoned in the tower and fifteen months later, was beheaded. Three hundred and fifty years later he was beatified by the Roman Catholic church for his loyalty to papal supremacy.

"Utopia" was written in 1516, and is said to have been suggested by Plato's "Atlantis." It was translated from the original Latin into medieval English in 1551 by Ralph Robinson, an Oxford man. The present edition is rendered into modern English by Valerian Paget, who writes an illuminating introduction. That More's Millenium was the source from which the builders of the American Republic gained inspiration is not doubted. It is a work that ranks in celebrity with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," and Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." No library, public or private, should be without it. ("More's Millenium: Utopia." Rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget. The John McBride company.)

"Appreciation of the Drama"

Surely, in a day when we leave "Mater" to die of loneliness and scramble like speculators to get a seat for "The Girl of the Golden West," when Emil Novelle is neglected that we may gormandize on such distorted monstrosities as "The Great Divide," a pointing finger such as Charles H. Caffin holds forth in his "Appreciation of the Drama," is not amiss. Even the critics, who eulogize, for the sake of popularity, overwrought melodramaticism, will, in the presence of this book, draw paper before them and write "timely," that all embracing, omni-applicable, ubiquitous word!

But, good as it is, Mr. Caffin's work is a bit disappointing. Truly, no appreciation of the drama will evolve from a purely objective and technical

treatise. The technique, the genesis and motive of plot, the dramatic development, the psychology of the denouement, or the relevancy of the catastrophe will be of no interest to the people in front of the curtain. All these things are matters of science and of codified construction for the student, and are the framework upon which the drama is built. They have evolved and metamorphosed in compliance with our ideas of unity, effect and spontaneity. They are as they are because certain combinations of setting, certain periods for climaxes and anti-climaxes, produce a unified effect; and it is with this effect that the audience is concerned; not with the machinery that produces it.

Would it aid one in appreciating the symmetry of a gothic-renaissance roof to dissect upon the juxtaposition of the rafters, the size of the struts, the concavities of purlins, the parallel construction of tie-beams, or the mitered edges of the ridgepoles? To appreciate a sonnet, must one know that it contains fourteen lines of iambic pentameters, rhymed in such and such a manner? To carpenters and sonneters these constructional details are necessary, but they hardly enhance one's appreciation of the finished products. We have read sonnets technically correct that totally fail as sonnets. Clyde Fitch has mastered the technique of dramaturgy; but, surely, no one would hold up Mr. Fitch's work as examples of good drama. Nor does it augment our delight in excellent plays to be told, at the expense of twenty-two pages, our history and our duty as a parcel of the audience.

Aside from the uselessness of giving the playgoers a dramatic skeleton upon which the author's intellectual meat will be hung, there is a grave danger attached to this procedure. In endeavoring to embody in a book the methods of the drama, the author must remember that the theater-goer has other pursuits of amusement and interest as well as numerous other books to read. The result is obvious. Only the salient, general rules will imbibe themselves in the reader's mind sufficiently deep to take root, and, while he may have read the volume carefully, as he might any other book, he will put it down with only a smattering of the subject. Now, under certain conditions, known only to the conscientious student of dramaturgy, a readjustment of construction is allowable—to wit: Ibsen's and Sudermann's and Maeterlinck's plays. And the playgoer, with his superficial knowledge, instead of looking for a unified effect, will apply his few general rules to the drama and, finding they fit not, shrug his shoulders superiorly and pronounce the play constructionally poor. In thus taking from one the pleasure that one might get from an "irregular" play, Mr. Caffin defeats the very thing he sets out to serve.

On the other hand, had Mr. Caffin treated the play subjectively, dealing with the results, analyzing the effects and the consequential emotions; had he taken the author's aim, the intellectual side of the drama, and pointed out the failures and successes of stage adjustments, always bearing in mind the results and not the method of attaining them, the book would have been much more valuable, for Mr. Caffin is an authority upon matters dramatic. ("The Appreciation of the Drama." By Charles H. Caffin. The Baker & Taylor Co.)

Dr. McLeod's "Comfortable Faith"

In this world of doubt and pain—yes, and of hell—it is a comfort in itself to find that one man can interpret for us a gospel of content and consolation. Malcolm James McLeod, the able Pasadena divine, in a collection of sermons bearing the title, "A Comfortable Faith," gives us a vigorous, happy, working plan of life, not a stupid acquiescence in it. There is a protest against keeping the Word of God, with its stores of help, warning and hope, hidden. "It avails not to say that humanity can worry along without a soul; the point at issue is how much better it can get on with a soul."

In the chapter, "The Comfort of a Lively Hope," which, perhaps, is the best composition from a literary viewpoint, Dr. McLeod brings forward reasonable arguments against mater-

ialism and orientalism (in its best form the negative hope of Nirvana), and points the way to the cheering, virile faith in a living God. This is a sane, not a hysterical gospel. It is full of good health and good cheer, a religious teaching, not how to die, but how to live. It is a protest against the indifference to sin and righteousness alike, which characterizes our generation; a plea for enthusiasm, for intensity, for real passion for religion. It holds up ideals of excellence, sincerity and blamelessness. And it ends with a vision of the final victory; a victory attained by a natural growth from bad to good, from what is good to what is best. The birth into Christ is instantaneous life, but not the fullness of that life.

If you are oppressed and doubtful, read Dr. McLeod's book; it will bring you cheer and relief. If you are satisfied and inactive, read it; it will give you an astonishingly new point of view. If you already know the comfort of which Dr. McLeod speaks, read it; it will give you strength for the struggle, as well as an evening of the purest pleasure. ("A Comfortable Faith." By Malcolm J. McLeod. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"The Ladies' Pageant"

Well, well! "Age cannot wither, nor custom-stale her infinite variety." E. V. Lucas read that once and set himself to prove it. The result is an anthology which he calls "The Ladies' Pageant," a collection which must have been made with infinite pains from uncommon sources. And nothing solved yet! Dear, dear! how discouraged men must get writing about women and then finding so much left unsaid. All kinds of women—except "Jenny," why did he leave out Jenny, when she is so real, and so weary?—are celebrated in these prose and poetic excerpts. He begins with very little maids—Little Princess Anne, daughter of Charles I, born in 1637, and Miss Pope, who was presented to King James with a paper of verses in her hand, written by Thomas Fuller. There is a poem addressed to "Charlotte Pulteney in her mother's arms," another to "A Young Lady Five Months Old," then "Neighbor Nelly," aged ten, and on up by steps of prose and verse to lovers, wives, sisters, aunts, and grandmothers. He was determined to please and he has; yes, indeed, everybody will like it from the grandmother to the youngest child.

Mr. Lucas quotes from Sydney Smith to this effect: "My daughter, Mrs. Holland, was confined three or four days ago of a little girl, and is doing very well. I am glad it is a girl; all the little boys ought to be put to death." Further, to "rub it in" on the despised males, he quotes from Charles Lamb: "I will be buried with this inscription over me: 'Here lies C. L., the Woman-hater—I mean that hated One Woman; for the rest, God bless them, and when He makes any more, make 'em prettier.'" Again he quotes one pessimist, who remarks, "The dreadful thing about women is the men who praise them!" In spite of that, it is a very pretty collection from every point of view, and shows a wide range of reading on the part of Mr. Lucas, and a gallant and amiable disposition. ("The Ladies' Pageant." By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Co.)

Holiday Gift Books

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are noted for their handsome holiday publications, which include illustrated gift books, stories for the young folks, essays, and books of a religious nature. A most attractive edition is Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," illustrated with scenes from the opera and portraits of Miss Garden. George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" is another delightful presentation book, profusely illustrated. In essays there are Henry Van Dyke's "Counsels by the Way," Ralph Waldo Trine's "On the Open Road," Woodrow Wilson's "The Free Life," and Orison Sweet Marden's "He Can Who Thinks He Can," helpful, uplifting, comforting and inspiring books all. "The Character of Jesus," by Charles E. Jefferson; Dr. J. R. Miller's "The Wider Life," and "Evening Thoughts," little one-page sermons for every day, are equally beautiful in thought and mechanical excellence. For the young folk is a "Treasury of Verse for Little Children," well printed and illustrated in colors. "Old Man Coyote,"

by Clara K. Bayliss, is continually getting into extraordinary difficulties and E. W. Blaisdell has made many funny drawings to illustrate these stories of Indian mythology. E. M. W. Buxton, in "Stories of Persian Heroes," recites the deeds of a wonderful hero called Rustem and his horse, Rakush. It is a capital book for boys. A fairy book of fascinating description is William E. Griffis' "The Fire Fly's Lovers," and other dainty, mysterious fairy tales of old Japan. Of a stirring nature for the more vigorously-inclined youngsters are "The Galleon Treasure," by Percy K. Fitzhugh, and "Two Stowaways," by James Otis. For holiday remembrances there are Ruskin and Shakespeare calendars and booklets dealing with serious subjects. One of the choicest of these is that beautiful little essay of Dr. Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World."

"The Chimes," Illustrated

As regular as Christmas is the annual edition of Dickens' Christmas stories. This year, the Baker & Taylor Co. issue a handsome copy of "The Chimes," illustrated (in color and line) by George Alfred Williams. In 1844 Dickens sojourned in Italy, and in September of that year settled in Genoa, in apartments overlooking the harbor and the lighthouse. Here he received his inspiration for the story, in a great burst of sound that seemed to fill Genoa with noise, and vibration; it was the chimes from many steeples. Of the story he said himself: "In my mind's eye, I like more and more my notion of making in this little book a great blow for the poor." He aimed to have something imperishable, a tender touch for the toiling masses that nothing could obliterate. After it was finished he went to England and arranged with his friend, Forster to gather a little group to whom he wished first to read his story, before it was given to the world. He writes:

"I particularly want Carlisle, above all, to see it before the rest of the world, when it is done, and I would like to inflict the little story on him and on dear old gallant Macready, with my own lips, and to have Stanny and the other Mac sitting by."

The other Mac was Maclise, the artist, and Dickens' reading to this select company was the beginning of those later readings that afterward became so famous. For the first edition, four noted artists were engaged: John Leech, Richard Dole, Clarkson Stanfield, and Daniel Maclise. The present illustrator has interpreted "The Chimes" in the true, deep meaning of the story, and with more stress upon the human qualities that appeal to one more and more as time goes on. ("The Chimes." By Charles Dickens, with illustrations by George Alfred Williams. The Baker & Taylor Co.)

"Old Edinburgh"

"Old Edinburgh" is the title of two charming volumes by Frederick W. Watkeys, who describes that old historical city with the enthusiasm of a New World visitor and from the viewpoint of a careful historian, though somewhat prejudiced against the ill-fated Mary, queen of Scots, whose infelicitous life was brought to so sad an end through the intrigues of Queen Elizabeth. But of actual occurrences the historical account is given in a scholarly way and with a certain pleasing and entertaining manner that makes both volumes delightful reading. In the opening chapters one is made acquainted with the reception that the modern Scot accords his visitor, attended with a pleasant description of how he lives, and the usual table fare indulged in by him. The reader is brought to a vivid realization that not a street of Old Edinburgh escaped the spilling of blood. "Family feuds and foreign wars" often swept away every male member of the families.

Mr. Watkeys' portrayal of these strenuous times is written with care and discretion, yet withal, luminous and most enjoyable. The history of the castle itself, with its secret chambers and the many mysteries it contained, is both fascinating and authentic. The book is filled with romance and intrigue, but with all care and careful research for absolute facts that

JUST PUBLISHED

Through Ramona's Country

By George Wharton James

A handsomely illustrated holiday book, of interest to every lover of Southern California, that authoritatively points out what is fact and what is fiction in Helen Hunt Jackson's fascinating romance, "Ramona." For over twenty years Mr. James has been pursuing his investigations into the subject. With over 100 illustrations from photographs. Boxed, \$2.00 net; prepaid, \$2.18.

By the same Author

THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT (Southern California.) With over 300 illustrations. 2 vols. \$5.00 net.

IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. With 140 illustrations. \$3.00 net.

THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT REGION. With 66 illustrations. \$2.00 net.

IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON. With 100 illustrations. \$2.50.

At All Booksellers

LITTLE BROWN & CO.

PUBLISHERS

BOSTON, MASS.

JONES' BOOK STORE

226 WEST FIRST

Holiday Books and Calendars
at Low Prices

LIBRARIES PURCHASED

render it a reliable compilation. Its author is perhaps over-zealous in his pen picture of the picturesque beauty of Old Edinburgh, as may be seen from the following quotation, which he borrows from Sir David Wilkie: "Here alike are the beauties of Prague and Salzburg, the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli, and all the magnificence of the bays of Naples and Genoa. Here, indeed, to the painter's fancy, may be found realized the Roman capital and the Grecian Acropolis." But the book is written in a vigorous and entertaining style and containing historical data of value to the traveler of modern times. It is well illustrated by eighty-three full page duos-

gravures, and is handsomely bound in cloth. ("Old Edinburgh." By Frederick W. Watkeys. L. C. Page & Co.)

"Weeping Cross"

Pages torn from the diary of a man of adventurous life have a peculiarly vivid interest even when the story they tell is unpleasant, at times nauseatingly so. This is particularly true of "Weeping Cross." It could not well be otherwise, when the hero is a Jesuit scholastic of the seventeenth century, a soldier of fortune and eventually a bond-servant in the colonies, near Boston, where he forms a guilty attachment for the daughter of his master, and the course of this illicit love is detailed in every particular.

According to Montaigne, "A woman may yield to such a man, whom in no case she would have married, I mean not for the conditions of his fortune, but for the qualities of his person. Few have wedded their sweethearts, their paramours, or mistresses, but have come home by weeping crosse and ere long repented their bargain." The author, Henry Longan Stuart, takes his title from these lines.

Father Fitzsimon left in the archives of the Society of Jesus a "confession," a cipher document, mention of which has been made in historical documents of the sixteen hundreds. With this much of foundation, Mr. Stuart has ingeniously blended a character which might have existed, and placed it in scenes of historical verity. The story deals with the life of Fitzsimon after landing at Boston, a prisoner. The narrative is vivid and mirrors truly the life of the time, full of rigors and hardships and daily fear of Indian outbreaks, which culminated in the Long Meadow massacre, an indelible blot upon the Jesuit order and missions.

As for the love story, one can only regret that the author should have created a situation so utterly without redeeming charm. The woman makes no appeal to the reader and is not so well drawn a character as that of Fitzsimon, apparently, casting herself into the arms of her father's servant from caprice, and tiring of him for the same reason. Other explanations, later, arise, but the final situation is not logical and gives one no greater admiration for Madame Agnes than before. Yet the man is a study of an interesting and many-sided character. ("Weeping Cross." By Henry Longan Stuart. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Art of the Netherland Galleries"

In David C. Preyer's able volume on "The Art of the Netherland Galleries," the reading public is presented with a book of inestimable value, both to the artist and layman. It is written by one who is not only versed in the theories and technique of art, but who is also a man of attainments, with a power to express himself concisely and clearly. He is just and vigorous in his analysis of the old Dutch masters, which are reviewed with a magnetic force that holds the interest absolute. The system that he has adopted in his subject is that of describing the art in the Netherlands along historical lines, speaking separately of each artist who created this characteristic style; producing at the same time, a history of Dutch art, embracing the old masters who founded and formed this distinctive school, comprising the old prominent masters and those of the present day, who have worked so hard the last fifty years to revive Dutch art.

While the book is undoubtedly forcefully written, regarding all the works of the old masters that exist in the Netherlands, it is somewhat marred by egotism, and incorrect statements of what exist of those fine old masters of the Dutch school in other countries. The author asserts that "it furnishes, incidentally, a complete history of Dutch art, from its earliest inception to the youngest men of the present day—a history which has not before appeared in English, nor even so complete in Dutch." He takes great pains to enumerate the number and importance of the collections in the Netherlands, two thousand canvasses by more than two hundred artists of the seventeenth century, which are all shown in the Ryks museum of Amsterdam, and refers to the Louvre in Paris as having three hundred and forty-five paintings of the Dutch school, one hundred and twenty-one of

which are by the artists of the seventeenth century. He then says that "the National gallery in London only shows ninety-three, while the Metropolitan museum of New York has forty-eight by these artists." But, singularly enough, he makes no mention whatever of the superb collection of Dutch masters in the Dulwich gallery, in a suburb of London, which everyone versed in art knows holds the largest and grandest collection in the world of Dutch pictures, fifteen by their most celebrated landscape and animal painter, viz.: Albert Suyp (1605-72), whose brilliant and picturesque treatment of atmosphere and light is universally renowned. There are also ten canvasses by the brothers Jan and Andrew Both; Andrew painted the figures to his brother's landscapes.

In all, he reviews four hundred and forty-one artists, but omits speaking in any way of Teniers, the elder, W. Romeyn, Breenberg, Wouverman, Waagen, Hobbema, and Brossom, all men of the Netherlands. His historical and critical review of Rembrandt, which is the most lengthy, is excellent and enjoyable. The work is handsomely illustrated with forty-seven full-page duogravures, beautiful in tone.

If the author had been generous he would have accorded proper credit to other countries which have appreciated the beautiful works of the old Dutch masters and have omitted the two last paragraphs of his book, which read: "Holland is as rich in pictorial art as Italy—if it were only known;" and, "Let us then contrast all this with Italian art, which is principally devoted to mythological table or churchly creed, or with modern French art, truly of decorative value, but full of affectation, in its figure work, which is its only claim for vulgar popularity. The final judgment will fairly exalt the Dutch above the ideality of the Italians and French."

We cannot agree with this, for each country has produced works of art of extraordinary beauty, which cannot be compared, for there is no comparison, as each is worked from a type of individual entirely different, and of different climes which exert different influences. ("The Art of the Netherland Galleries." By David C. Preyer. L. C. Page & Co.)

"Friendship Village"

Located in a warm and sunny corner of a clever newspaper woman's imagination is a quaint little village called "Friendship," where any one may abide for a brief, charmed while, if he but wills it. In company with Zona Gale, whose "Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre" and her short stories give sufficient earnest of her entertaining qualities, take the "Dick Dasher," we call the train the Dick Dasher, because Dick Dasher is its engineer, and when the lights of "Friendship" gleam on the tracks as the train slows into the station, get off and "stop a spell" to meet its simple, kindly folk and enjoy their homely philosophy. What matter the place has no real existence on the map, as "Friendship"—your guide makes it seem real. So let it suffice to chat and play, shed a tear or two and breathe a sigh as you listen to the little, great events in the lives of its citizens—in short, live and love for a limited space of time with its "home folks," who, after all, are so really human that each takes on flesh and blood, and the "make-believe" spirit of childhood is not needed to shape in the mind known counterparts in scores of little cities and townlets in that middle west, which need not be mentioned. The reader can do that for himself, and better, than the reviewer.

Here in the pages of "Friendship Village" one is privileged to meet Caliope Marsh, always planning a delightful plot for the pleasure and profit of the souls and spirits of those about her, and planting her "cedars in the wilderness" unostentatiously; "dear old Dr. June, pastor-emeritus of Friendship, since he was so identified with all the village interests that not many could tell from what church he had retired;" the Toplads, Timothy and Amanda; Miss Liddy Ember the village seamstress, and her beautiful sister, Ellen, who was "not quite right;" Mr. and Mrs. Photographer Sturgis, on the stairs to whose gallery the visitor was greeted by a sign an-

HERE ARE SOME

Book Suggestions

FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS

BOOKS ABOUT CALIFORNIA

FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL—By Marah Ellis Ryan

A remarkable romance of Old California. With unusual illustrations from photographs. Seventh Edition. In cloth, and also rich leather, special.

THE IRON WAY—By Sarah Pratt Carr

A stirring picture of the building of the Central Pacific Railway, in the '60s, and a winning romance of the early days of railroading. Four illustrations. Fifth Edition. Cloth, extra.

BIRDS OF CALIFORNIA—By Irene Grosvenor Wheelock

The standard reference authority. Profusely illustrated. Leather, flexible, in slip case.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND THE OLD SOUTH-WEST—By Jesse S. Hildrup

Describes all the missions. Oblong quarto. 35 full-page illustrations.

THREE CAPITAL NOVELS

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE 'DONNA ISABEL'

Randall Parrish's thrilling new story. A truly delightful, genuine, salt-sea romance. Four beautiful pictures in colors.

GANTON & CO.—By Arthur Jerome Eddy

A story of Chicago commercial and social life. Five illustrations.

WULNOTH THE WANDERER—By H. Escott Inman

A bold drama of the old Viking days. With beautiful frontispiece and decorations throughout.

Your Bookseller Has All These in Stock

AND YOUR BOOK PROBLEMS CAN LARGELY BE SOLVED FROM THIS LIST

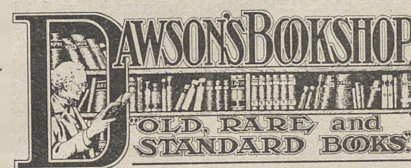
A. C. McCLURG & CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO
(San Francisco Office)

"RARE BOOKS MAKE RARE PRESENTS"

Delight and gratify your book-loving friend with a rare old book. He would rather be the proud possessor of a volume of intrinsic worth than to receive innumerable books which are made for the moment and unknown tomorrow.

CALL, PHONE OR WRITE for our catalogue, just issued, of Rare and Art Books.

FACING CENTRAL
PARK;
MAIN 3859



UNDER THE
PORTSMOUTH
HOTEL

518 South Hill Street,

Los Angeles, Cal.

"CALL AND BROWSE IN QUIET AND COMFORT"

nouncing "The Dead from Photos a Specialty;" the Proudfts, who passed the greater part of the time abroad; Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss, to distinguish her from the other Holcombs; Mis' Doctor Helman, Mis' Pos'master Sykes; Delia More; Abel Halsey, itinerate minister of great soul and power; Emerel Kitton and her Ma, Mis' Ricker; Mis' Fire Chief Merriman, "so delicate" of spirit; Peleg Remus and his fute; Eb Good-night, the spineless one who finally "woke up;" and Elspie, "lonesome, too." These and a score more play the drama in the "home town." Characterizations, every one, done with a skillful hand, in sketches given continuity by the threads of several charming romances, and the strong ties of human sympathy which must bind the dwellers in a small neighborhood, especially.

Caliope Marsh, the philosopher pre-eminent in the narrative, being most unique in portrayal, the reader mayhap will recognize as having met before in his jaunts through magazine-

land, a part of this delightful story having appeared in several well-known publications. One is tempted to quote copiously from her quaint, odd expressions on the happenings of the village, equally applicable to work-a-day life anywhere. "Sometimes life is some like hearin' fire-crackers when you don't feel up to shootin' 'em yourself." And again, "Your clothes don't make you by any means, but they do sort o' hem your edges, or rhyme the ends o' you, or give a nice even bake to your crust—I dunno. They do somethin';" or, "I was thinkin' how like a dunce we are to live a life made up mostly of urrants an' feetache followin'. Yet, after all, the right sort o' urrants an' like that is life—an', if they do ache, 'tain't like your feet was your soul."

Mixed with the humor and good sound sense is a flavor of pathos approaching the tragic, in the Loneway affair in the "top floor back." But the book will speak best for itself and few can afford to miss the opportunity to visit this favored hamlet, "with no-

body sick and nobody poor." ("Friendship Village." By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Co.)

Famous Indian Chiefs

It is not to be wondered at that the Indian chiefs of Uncle Sam's vast domain felt instinctively that they had a warm friend in Major General O. O. Howard, when the Great Father at Washington sent out the one-armed soldier, with the kindly eye and reassuring voice, to adjust their troubles, delve into the injustices under which they and their tribes fretted, and promise them an honest hearing and a square deal. In all the years that General Howard did service on the frontier, as soldier and as diplomat, he never forgot a promise, never lost the confidence of the trusting aborigines.

In his "Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known," which series of sketches originally appeared in the pages of St. Nicholas, the soldier-author has pictured in simple language, attuned to the young readers he addressed, the more prominent of the notable Indian braves, whose names are written in the history of the frontier, and are an integral part of the annals of the American army. They range from Osceola, the famous Seminole chief, whom, of course, General Howard never saw, to Geronimo, the last Apache chief to take the warpath. With the single exception of Osceola, all the Indian chiefs described were known personally to the army officer, and all loved or respected him.

It is a long list and around the names center the most thrilling incidents of contact with the native Americans for half a century, in which the army, although occasionally worsted, inevitably proved the victor in the end. It took a tedious time to demonstrate to the redskins the futility of their rebellion, but even the most intractable came to recognize the hopelessness of their efforts. Cochise, the famous Apache chief, voiced this in a sentence full of simple pathos when he said to General Howard, "Nobody wants peace more than I do. I have killed ten white men for every Indian I have lost, but still the white men are no less, and my tribe keeps growing smaller and smaller, till it will disappear from the face of the earth if we do not have a good peace soon."

Invariably, war, in its inception, was the result of misunderstandings, injustice or treachery on the part of the whites. The savages retaliated in the only way they knew and horrible as was their revenge on innocent men, women and children the responsibility cannot be shirked, for in the main the whites were the original aggressors. Of the twenty-three Indian chiefs depicted, Cochise, the Apache, Captain Jack the Modoc leader, Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, Red Cloud, the Sioux, Washakie, the Shoshone, Cut-Mouth John, the Umatilla scout, Sitting Bull, the Uncpapa Sioux, and Geronimo, the Apache, are the best known to the present generation, much of their prowess on the warpath having been a matter of contemporary history. To Sarah Winnemucca, the brave little Piute princess, a most interesting chapter is devoted.

Strictly speaking, Sitting Bull was not a chief, that is, not a war chief. He was a medicine man, not a fighter, but his implacable hatred of the whites, and his great influence over the disaffected young braves of the Dakota tribes marked him as a dangerous foe to frontier settlement. General Howard is slightly in error in telling of Sitting Bull's death, in December, 1890. He says the Indian police entered his lodge (it was his cabin) awakened him from sleep and forced him to come out, which made him "wild with anger." The facts are that he yielded to the persuasions of Lieutenant Bull Head, chief of the Indian police, to leave quietly, but stung by the taunts of his son, Crowfoot, he called on his Messiah followers, the ghost dancers, to shoot down his captives. They did so, but Sitting Bull went to his death with Shave Head and Bull Head, the latter shooting Sitting Bull after receiving his own death wound.

Every boy and girl should be familiar with the names of these noted Indian chiefs, especially those who live in the west, once the scenes of desperate conflicts between white men and red.

General Howard has put all young Americans under an obligation in publishing these reminiscent sketches, which are capably illustrated by George Varian and by photographic reproductions in half tone. ("Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known." By Major-General O. O. Howard. The Century company.)

Peter Newell's "Hole" Book

Inimitable Peter Newell with his droll humor, doubly exemplified, in his case, by pen and pencil, has perpetrated one of the funniest illustrated Christmas books of the season. He calls it "The Hole Book." Tom Potts was fooling with a pistol when it went off unexpectedly and how that bullet did travel! It smashed a fine French clock, crashed through the kitchen boiler, cut the rope in two where a little girl was swinging, pierced the gasoline tank of an automobile, causing an explosion, ploughed through the canvass in an artist's studio, changing the expression of the subject, penetrated a gold-fish aquarium, drenching Granny with escaped water, freed a box of mice, hit the bowl of a Dutchman's pipe, clipped the laden branch of a pear tree, dropping the fruit down to a small boy, sped through a silk hat, made an orifice in a bag of grain, broke a fish-pole, killed a wild-cat, plugged a watermelon, hit a flock of toy balloons, sailed through a bass drum, crashed through a stove pipe, made an escape hole for a pursued mouse, set off an alarm bell, "squashed" a piper's bag, plunked into a bee-hive, snipped a kite string, clipped a dog chain, and finally came to a halt through striking Mrs. Newell's iced cake.

And this was lucky for Tom Potts.

The boy who fired the shot—

It might have gone clean round the world

And killed him on the spot.

There's the hole this wonderful bullet made, right through the center of the book, and through the deliciously funny drawing, in color, made by Peter Newell. It is a capital gift-book for the small son or daughter. ("The Hole Book." By Peter Newell. Harper & Brothers.)

"The Flaming Sword"

Fourth in the series of Mrs. Carter Harrison's fairy tale books is "The Flaming Sword," illustrated like the others by Lucy Fitch Perkins. This is not properly a fairy tale, but an imaginary solution of many mysteries of earth and sky. The first story, which gives title to the book, is of Azrael and his punishment through God's disfavor. He was set to guard the gate of Eden, but left his post to gaze upon the sleeping Eve, and in his absence Satan entered. All the disaster that followed, and Azrael's long penance, make a pretty story. The author has fanciful legends concerning the great dipper, the rainbow, diamonds or angels' tears, the mist, the aurora borealis, the polar star, the mocking bird, and the lily. Whether these pretty tales convince the child or not, they stimulate his imagination and add to his joy. Mrs. Harrison writes in a clear, easy style, with a strong religious fervor. The volume is dedicated to Bishop Conaty. Mrs. Perkins' illustrations are poetic in conception and many of them beautifully colored. It is a charming gift book for young readers. ("The Flaming Sword." By Edith Ogden Harrison. Illustrated by Lucy Fitch Perkins. A. C. McClurg Co.)

Judge Wilbur's "Bear Book"

One does not have to go away from Los Angeles even for story books, for the little folks this Christmas. Judge Wilbur has supplied this need with his "Bear Family at Home." In the introduction he says he found there were any number of cheap picture books, but so few story books, that with the pictures he found he had to make up stories for his children, and believing others would like to hear them he decided to collect them in a little volume. These interesting bed-time tales are intended to entertain, as well as to instruct children in the facts of natural history, kindness, politeness, and co-operation, and particularly the necessity of implicit obedience to parents. In interspersing Bible stories among the bear stories the author endeavors to instill an interest in the Bible. The stories are connected somewhat after the "Arabian Nights"

Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.'s New Books

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS

THOREAU'S Cape Cod

With many photographs by Clifton Johnson. 8vo, \$2.00 net. (Post 20 cents.)

MAETERLINCK'S

Pelleas and Melisanda

Illustrated with scenes from the opera and portraits of Miss Garden. Introduction by Montrose J. Moses. 8vo, \$1.50 net. (Post 15 cents.)

GEORGE ELIOT'S

Mill on the Floss

With 17 illustrations from scenes in the "Floss" country. 8vo, \$1.50.

ESSAYS

HENRY VAN DYKE'S

Counsels By the Way

Collected papers and addresses, printed by the Merrymount Press. 12mo, \$1.00 net. (Post 10 cents.)

ORISON SWETT MARDEN'S

He Can Who Thinks He Can

A strong series of papers on success. 12mo, \$1.00 net. (Post 10 cts.)

RALPH WALDO TRINE'S

On the Open Road

"A Creed of Wholesome Living." 12 mo, 50 cents net. (Post 5 cents.)

WOODROW WILSON'S

The Free Life

A message of the times. 12mo, 75 cents net. (Post 8 cents.)

RELIGIOUS BOOKS

CHARLES E. JEFFERSON'S

The Character of Jesus

A study of the personality of Christ. 12mo, \$1.50 net. (Post 15 cents.)

J. R. MILLER'S

The Wider Life

A new volume of addresses on right living. 16mo, 65 cents, gilt top, 85 cents net. (Post 8 cents.)

Evening Thoughts

Little one-page sermons for every day. 16mo, 65 cents, gilt tops 85 cents net. (Post 8 cents.)

BOOKS for YOUNG PEOPLE

A Treasury of Verse for Little Children

Beautifully printed and illustrated in colors and pen-and-ink, by Willy Pogany. 8vo, \$2.50.

CLARA K. BAYLISS'S

Old Man Coyote

A sheaf of Indian legends, illustrated in colors by E. W. Blaisdell. 8vo, \$1.00

E. M. W. BUXTON'S

Stories of Persian Heroes

With illustrations and decorative borders. 8vo, \$1.50.

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS'S

The Firefly's Lovers

And Other Fairy Tales of Old Japan. Illustrated in colors. 8vo, \$1.00.

PERCY K. FITZHUGH'S

The Galleon Treasure

A stirring tale of adventure. 12mo, 75 cents.

JAMES OTIS'S

Two Stowaways

A story of the fishing banks. 12mo, 75 cents.

THE CHISWICK SERIES

Each 50 cents net. (Post 5 cents.)

A Ruskin Calendar

A Shakspeare Calendar

J. R. MILLER'S

Glimpses of the Heavenly Life

What Is Worth While Series

Each, 30 cents net. (Post 5 cents.)

Turning Northward. Miller.

A Cure for Care. Miller.

The Hope of Immortality. Dole.

The Sure and Living Faith. Gordon.

The Wheels of Time. Barclay.

The Greatest Thing in the World.

Drummond.

THOS. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

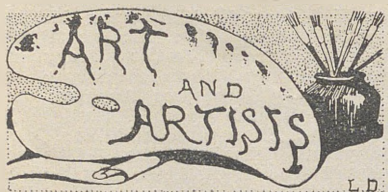
style. A menagerie train breaks down in the woods and the animals escape. One after another they arrive at the bears' home, and sitting around the fire at night the little Cub Bear asks Papa Bear or one of the other animals to tell a story. The Lion relates the Bible stories, which the chaplain in the menagerie had told to his little girl. Parents who do not possess imagination should by all means procure these stories to read to the little ones and those who have this faculty can continue them in the same vein indefinitely. As a home product, both typographically and in illustrations (several colored), this book is a credit to Los Angeles. ("The Bear Family at Home, and How the Circus Came to Visit Them." By Judge Curtis D. Wilbur. The Neuner company.)

"The Little Colonel's Chum"

It was regretfully supposed when the "Little Colonel" finished her education, and married, that ended the delightful series of girls' stories, but Miss Johnston received so many requests inquiring what became of the other young folk so intimately connected with Lloyd, she was persuaded to add "just one more" to the series. Little Mary Ware is counted as one of Lloydsboro valley people, although her home is in Arizona. She enters Warwick Hall school, where her idol, Lloyd, had graduated the year previous. She is a quiet, lovable, little

soul, with the "divine gift of making friends," by taking a sympathetic interest in others' affairs. Even her disagreeable roommate is won over by her. As usual, the keynote of the story is "keeping tryst," although Miss Johnston's character's are not at all fickle. Delightfully different is this charming story of girl life in school and out, from the trashy college stories for boys. No continual violation of rules, no pranks or foolish love-making, but many interesting experiences and incidents, in every way the real thing. As always, Miss Johnston uses so many familiar expressions and apt quotations in her story, and no sentimental drivel, that a reading of one of her books leaves the pleasantest of reflections. "Mary Ware; the Little Colonel's Chum." By Annie Fellows Johnston. L. C. Page & Co.)

Two special articles of serious topic are given prominence in Scribner's for December. "Robert Burns' Country, the Heart of Ayrshire," by George McLean Harper, occupies the lead, and its interest is enhanced by a number of illustrations by Frank L. Emanuel. "Abbey's Latest Mural Paintings," by Royal Cortissoz, is an entertaining, as well as an instructive article. The issue is replete with good fiction, including stories by Katherine Holland Brown, James B. Connolly, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Emerson Taylor, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and Temple Bailey.



By René T. de Quelin

A. R. Valentien, the flower artist, has an exhibition of his water colors in the Blanchard galleries that will be open until December 19, inclusive. This painter was known for a number of years as one of the prominent decorative painters on pottery at the famous Rookwood pottery in Cincinnati. Owing to failing health he resigned his position and came out to California, where he has been for the last eighteen months, making San Diego his home. The exhibit which he presents is the first given of this artist's work in Southern California, and we have a new interpretation in the rendering of flowers. The first impression received is of their low, mellow tone. On better acquaintance and close examination one finds that the artist has a masterly technique in water color.

He excels in backgrounds and in the depths of the foliage in his groupings of glass and pottery ware, several of the pieces which hold the flowers being surprisingly well rendered. In drawing, the flowers are perfect, and in the majority of cases well composed. But in general effect we find they are too subdued, that the flowers lack life and vigor and the fullness of the necessary modelling requisite for pictorial interpretation. They are seen, as it were, through a film or haze that one longs to clear away to receive the full benefit of their glorious beauty. All this, no doubt, comes from the many years of careful and close work on pottery the Rookwood type, where the decoration is subservient to the piece, and the softer this was made, the greater value it had as a piece of decoration.

While some of this value is of marked importance in the making of a picture, still the other quality of prominence to the subject, flowers, is of first consequence and we feel as the distance increases in time from the influence of the pottery art, that he will become one of the first flower painters of the day, for he has accuracy of drawing and a wonderful feeling for backgrounds, in which nine-tenths of flower artists fail. There is no doubt that with a longer residence in this clearer and brighter atmosphere of Southern California that this artist will develop a brighter and more vigorous translation for the glories, beauties and brilliancy of flowers. The exhibit is well worth a visit, and shows a rendering entirely different and most interesting from many points of view.

Kanst galleries have secured several works of the famous modern Dutch artist, Jan Sluyters, who took the Prix de Rome in 1904. One of the most important canvasses by this artist is called "The Workman," strong and powerful. Another, "The Poet—Telling Stories to the Fairies," and another of a woman seated on a bench in a park.

Mrs. Harris is represented by an unusually good water color of a scene in Venice that is happy in composition and grouping, and above the average of her usual work in color and effect.

J. H. Nicholls, the Pasadena artist, is represented in this gallery by two interesting landscapes, warm and rich in color, one especially that is much credit to the artist.

Richard Kruger has about twelve paintings mostly in water color. A decided change is noted in his later work done while on his trip through the mountains last summer, which shows that he has somewhat started to break away from the cold, weird gloom of his usual work that is at times repellent. One painting of mountain scenery was quite good in

effect and of a much higher standard than his former work and less woolly in his rendering of trees.

W. R. Caton, an artist formerly of Philadelphia, is exhibiting for the first time in California canvasses that have obtained some reputation in the Quaker city.

E. H. Russell, royal Canadian academician, has placed specimens of his work in these galleries for public view; one of Muskoka lake, Canada, is of especial interest.

Kanst galleries have sent a large collection of paintings to J. S. Glasscock, Pasadena, for exhibition and sale.

John A. Donovan, the marine painter, has been very busy with his line of work and has sent all his paintings east for disposal. He expects, in a few days, to go to Santa Barbara to see his friend, Rob Wagner, portrait painter, who is now very busy on several commissions, one, that of a portrait of Earl Graham, full length, which is said to excel the painting made of Stuart Edward White, which was exhibited in the Steckel galleries about a year ago. It is expected that this portrait will be placed on exhibition in a few months.

J. S. Thayer & Co. of South Broadway have a well selected line of small pictures, very suitable for holiday presents.

In a communication received by the writer from Carl Oscar Borg, the news is conveyed of his safe arrival in Honduras. He has gone with the intention of painting much of that interesting country, where he intends to remain for at least twelve months.

The exhibition of stencilled fabrics given by Kathryn Rucker in the Y. W. C. A. building this week, has been such a revelation to the public that it has been decided to continue it for one week longer. It has gone to prove that stenciling on fabrics has not been understood. Most interesting, rich and valuable pieces have been shown and greatly admired by those who saw them. They illustrate the wonderful possibilities in the many manipulations of the dye colors.

Monday, Dec. 14, an exhibition of oil painted tapestries will be opened at the Kanst galleries on South Spring street, by Mrs. Ora Hardin-Scott. A talk on art will be given at 3 p. m. the opening day, and visitors will be received that evening.

Buy the Best
Cawston
Ostrich
Feathers

Are Superior to All Others

Awarded Prize Medals at Paris, St. Louis, Buffalo, Omaha, Portland and Jamestown.
Tips, Plumes, Boas, Stoles, Muffs for Sale at Producers' Prices.

Old Feathers Cleaned, Dyed and Recurled.

City Sales Store
224 W. Third St., Los Angeles
(One door from Broadway)
CAWSTON
OSTRICH FARM
SOUTH PASADENA

Blanchard Hall Studio Building

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art, Science
Studios and Halls for all purposes for rent. Largest Studio building in the West. For terms and all information apply to
F. W. BLANCHARD,
233 South Broadway - 232 S. Hill St.
Los Angeles, Ca.

STEINWAY

The Masterpiece of Pianocraft

UPRIGHTS

GRANDS

Style K Vertegrand\$550

Style O Miniature Grand\$800

Style N Upright\$600

Style A Baby Grand.....\$950

Style I Upright.....\$675

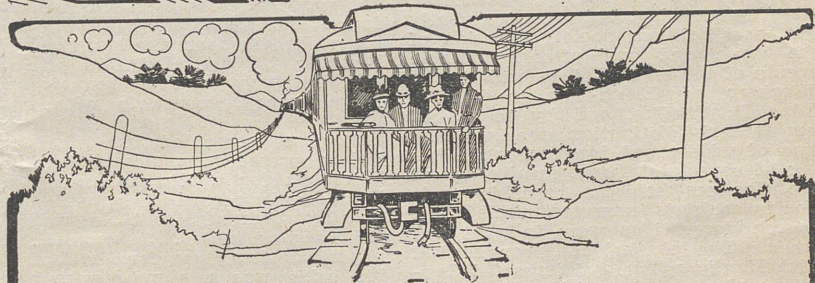
Style B Parlor Grand ..\$1100

Add \$25 on Uprights and \$50 on Grands for freight and handling to the Coast.

GEO. J. BIRKEL COMPANY

Sole Agents for Southern California and Arizona
345-7 SOUTH SPRING STREET

SUNSET EXPRESS



Los Angeles to the East
VIA NEW ORLEANS
AND THE SUNNY SOUTH

A train of unsurpassed comfort and elegance, passing through the historic places of our neighboring territories and of Texas and Louisiana to the quaint "Crescent City."

Through sleepers to Washington, D. C., Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville and many other points.

Daily from Los Angeles at 1:00 p. m.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Ticket Offices

600 South Spring St., Cor. Sixth. Arcade Station, Fifth and Central Ave., Los Angeles, California.



WHEN YOU Make Presents

Let them be of such things as will last long, to the end they may be in some sort immortal and may frequently refresh the memory of the receiver. For a present there is nothing more acceptable than a beautiful framed picture.

KANST ART GALLERY
642 South Spring Street

J. BOND FRANCISCO

Studio Removed to
Residence 1401 Albany

Visitors Wednesdays



STENCILING

Taught by

Kathryn Rucker
Classes Held in the Y.W.C.A.
Inquire or Terms.



By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

MONDAY—Society vaudeville at Ebell club house under auspices of the Los Angeles Fruit and Flower Mission; evening.

TUESDAY—Wedding of Lieut. Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., and Miss Ethel Warren Huff, Fort Riley, Kansas; evening. Mrs. W. J. Chichester, 2806 Menlo avenue, dinner party in honor of Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter; evening. Miss Violet McDonald, 1330 Ingraham st., bridge party for Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McDonald of Mexico City; evening.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. West Hughes, 500 West Twenty-third street, informal tea for Mrs. Sidney Ballou of Honolulu.

FRIDAY—Mrs. W. J. Chichester, 2806 Menlo avenue, box party at Symphony orchestra concert, in honor of Mrs. Ballou; the Auditorium.

With military appointments giving emphasis to its splendor, the wedding of Miss Helen Valentine Chaffee and Lieutenant John Hastings Howard, U. S. A., at St. Paul's pro-cathedral, Tuesday evening, was pre-eminently the most brilliant society function of the week, and one of the notable events of the season. The bride is the daughter of Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, and by reason of her father's distinction the wedding was of widespread interest, while being of especial interest locally, where the Chaffees hold an enviable position in society's innermost circle. The church decorations were in gold and green. The chancel rail was banked with Kentia palms and imported Japanese plants. Quantities of carnations and white chrysanthemums also were used, and festoons of smilax and ferns were intermingled. Entwined with the greenery were yards of Japanese crepe, brought from Japan by General Chaffee. Each of the front pews, where the relatives and intimate friends were seated, was marked with three long stemmed chrysanthemums, tied with white gauze. The other pews were festooned with large clusters of white carnations, tied in place with gold gauze. An artistic setting for the beautiful gowns of the bride and her maids was the full-dress uniforms of the military men who took part in the ceremony. The bride's gown was a handsomely embroidered one of white crepe de chine, with pearl trimmings, and with point lace sleeves and yoke. It was made empire style, with court train. Her veil was a long one of English Honiton lace, and her bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Miss Lucy Clark, the maid of honor, wore a beautiful gown of yellow satin with tunic of white lace, embroidered in gold. She carried an arm bouquet of yellow coreopsis. The bridesmaids were Misses Rena Scott of Alameda, Annis Van Nuys, Marion Macneil, and Mary Clark. They were attired alike in white chiffon over satin and embroidered in gold. They carried coreopsis, and wore bridesmaid's veils of soft tulle. Colonel John Biddle, chief of engineers, department of California, was best man, and the groomsmen were Lieutenants Frederick Cruse, Ralph Jones, Charles Dravo, Russell James, and Earl McFarland. The ushers were Messrs. James Page, Volney Howard, Karl Klokke, and Dr. Bernard Smith. Bishop Joseph H. Johnson officiated, and was assisted by Rev. William MacCormick, rector and dean of the cathedral. Lieut.-Gen. Chaffee, who gave his daughter into the care of another army man, was resplendently attired in full dress rank. Mrs. Chaffee wore a lavender crepe and lace gown, with pearl ornaments. Her sister, Mrs. W. B. Clarke of Kansas City, was attired in a handsome robe of white crepe, embroidered in silver, and wore diamond ornaments. Mrs. James R. Edwards, of Santa Rosa, a niece of General Chaffee, wore a gown of pale blue crepe, embroidered in silver and with diamonds. Mrs. William F. Edgar, widow of Colonel Edgar, and godmother of the bride, wore a gown of white silk

and diamond ornaments. Each carried bouquets of lavender orchids and lilies of the valley. Following the ceremony at the church, an informal reception was held at the Chaffee home, guests including relatives, the members of the bridal party, and a few intimate friends. Roses and ferns were used in the decoration of the home. In the dining room quantities of bride's roses were utilized, while American Beauties were artistically arranged in the hall, drawing room and den. The porch was screened with plants and other greenery and Japanese lanterns provided the illumination. Wednesday, Lieutenant and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, left for Fort Riley, Kansas, where they will attend the wedding of Lieut. Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., and Miss Ethel Warren Huff, which will be celebrated December 15. Upon their return to Los Angeles, Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee will be accompanied by their son and his bride. Lieut. and Mrs. Howard will make their home at Fort Apache, where the former has just been stationed.

Culminating a pretty romance which had its beginning in a trip across the continent, Miss Kearney Cross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cross of Iowa, was married Thursday evening to Mr. Ralston Hair of this city. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Cross of 661 Lucas st., where she has been a house guest for several weeks and with whom she has visited much in the last two years. Rev. Dr. Will A. Knighten officiated, and relatives and a few intimate friends were present to witness the nuptials. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of blue soft silk. Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hair left for a trip to San Diego. Upon their return they will be at home, temporarily, to their friends at 635 Valencia street. Among the pre-nuptial affairs given for Mr. Hair and his bride was a shower with which Mr. and Mrs. Earl Strachan of West Thirty-sixth street entertained, Tuesday evening. A number of novel features served as a part of the entertainment, among them being a graveyard, wherein were marked the places of interment of the groom's past fancies, an appropriate verse adorning the tombstone, which headed each mound.

Of interest to many friends was the marriage Wednesday evening of Miss Jennie Jewell Powell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Powell of 700 West Twenty-eighth street, to Mr. Roger Trowbridge Pelton of New York. The bride wore a gown of white satin trimmed with lace, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and orange blossoms. Miss Lillian Gear was the maid of honor and the Misses Ruth Powell and Mary Richardson were bridesmaids. Little Dorothy Powell was ringbearer. The best man was Mr. Maxwell Milton. Mr. and Mrs. Pelton will go to New York for their wedding trip and will visit the groom's parents there. Later, they will make their home in Bisbee, Arizona, where the groom is consulting engineer for one of the big copper properties.

Romance seems to be permeating the air these days, and there are any number of resultant engagements which might be told, but about which one doesn't dare even to hint, much less come out in cold, black print and announce. So long as it is the popular custom to keep her engagement a deep, dark secret until the love story and its early culminating wedding may be formally told at a function given especially for that purpose, the young woman will insist on maintaining silence concerning her heart's affair until the proper and fashionable moment for the secret's revelation. As a consequence one may look an engaged girl squarely in the eyes and ask for a confirmation of a rumor of her engagement, and although you know the report to be authentic, having received it from her best girl chum, you can only smile and say "well, there now, isn't it funny how such stories get started," when she emphatically gives denial. A week later you receive cards. Just now I am in possession of a number of interesting secrets, but am pledged not to tell. One engagement which is to be made soon will be of particular

interest owing to the prominence of the bride-elect's family, her father before his death having been one of the wealthy bankers of the city. She is a handsome young woman, cultured, talented and widely traveled. Her betrothed is a university man of the east. Date for their wedding has not been decided upon as yet, but it doubtless will take place soon after the new year.

At a simple home wedding Miss Winnifred Ramsay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Ramsay of 1802 West Adams street, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. L. B. Boyle of Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. Edward O. Lunny of St. Joseph's church officiated. The house was artistically decorated in potted palms and ferns. The bride's gown was a white messaline, trimmed with rare old lace, and she carried a shower bouquet of Cecil Bruner roses. There were no attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Boyle will enjoy a short wedding trip and then will return to Los Angeles to make their home.

Principal of the society functions of the week and one of the most brilliant of the season was the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl of 2425 Wilshire boulevard Thursday evening. The affair was in Assembly hall and invitations to 300 guests were issued for the evening. The decorations, supper, and music were in charge of Herr Reichl of the Alexandria. Thousands of American Beauties were used in the decoration and the big mirrors were hidden in beech leaves in such a manner as to reflect a bright light on the clusters of blossoms. Downstairs, in the dining room, American Beauty roses also were used. Here the string orchestra from the Alexandria played during the supper. Assisting Mr. and Mrs. Earl were Bishop and Mrs. Joseph Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Wiloughby Rodman, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Miner, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jarvis, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Walter Newhall, and Mrs. Mary Longstreet.

One of the most enjoyable functions of this week was the luncheon given Wednesday by Miss Phila Milbank of 2607 Wilshire boulevard in compliment to Miss Alice Elliott, who is one of the charming debutantes of the winter. The affair was given at the California club and a profusion of violets and ferns was used in the table decoration. Crescent shaped cards ornamented with paintings of violets were the place cards and bore the names of Misses Alice Elliott, Annis Van Nuys, Sallie Utley, Kate Van Nuys, Katherine Ramsey, Edna Barlow, Virginia Johnson, Helen Emery, Ray Johnson, Charline Coulter, Hazel Barlow, Marion Macneil, Marian Gartzman, Marjory Bolt, and Mrs. Lawrence Burck.

Mrs. Roland Bishop of West Adams street was hostess Monday afternoon at a meeting of the Mills college alumnae association, of which she is a member. In order to awaken a larger interest and to keep in closer touch with Mills college and seminary, graduates of the institution and former students last spring formulated plans for an association, and in October the organization was effected. Meetings are to be held the first Monday of each month, the first regular meeting being held this week at the home of Mrs. Bishop, who was a former Mills girl, as was her stepdaughter, Mrs. Edward Bosbyshell, nee Bishop. For a number of years, in fact since the foundation of Mills, the seminary has been given precedence over the college. Within the last five years, however, an additional endowment of \$300,000 has been made, thus enabling the college to come to the fore and at the end of two years the seminary adjunct will be abandoned, leaving the institution as a college proper only. Among the members of the newly-formed alumnae association, who met Monday, were Misses George H. Clark, Edward H. Noe, Waller Taylor, W. H. Miller, M. B. Meeks, J. C. Cowan, Ida M. Strobridge, W. H. Middlecoff, Mil-

ton K. Young, Walter Dickie, McCabe, Misses Marian Miller, Florence Brown, Alma Larsen, Tombes, Marguerite Bowen, Mmes. Mann, Richmond and Henderson, all of Los Angeles; Miss Mildred Harrah and Miss Gavina Roehrig of Pasadena, and Mrs. Matie Sargeant Vail of Stockton. The next meeting will be held the first Monday in January at the home of Miss Harrah in Pasadena.

Among the most fashionable of the week's society affairs will be the informal tea to be given this afternoon by Mrs. Granville MacGowan at the Los Angeles country club in honor of Miss Macneil, daughter of Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, and one of the most feted of the season's debutantes. Mrs. MacGowan is assisted in receiving and entertaining by a large number of society matrons and maids and nearly two hundred guests responded to invitations.

In honor of Mrs. Sidney Ballou, who with her husband, Judge Ballou of Honolulu, has come to Los Angeles to remain part of the winter, Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter and her daughters, the Misses Carpenter, of West Twenty-seventh street gave an informal tea Wednesday.

Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of West Twenty-seventh street, who recently made her debut at a large and brilliant reception given at the Woman's club house, is being accorded much attention by society women. Mrs. W. J. Chichester of 2806 Menlo avenue has issued invitations for a dinner party to be given in honor of Miss Carpenter, Tuesday, December 15. Last Saturday evening Miss Carpenter was the special guest at a delightful musical given by Miss Ruth Jackson of 836 Kensington road. A number of other affairs will be given for this charming debutante within the winter months.

Miss Francesca Brodrick, whose engagement to Mr. Walter Schmal was announced a few months ago, is to be one of the spring brides, that season having been chosen for her marriage, although no definite date for the nuptials has been set.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Neustadt, the latter the daughter of Col. G. G. Green of Pasadena, are planning to build a handsome new home on Mariposa street, west of Lake street. The house will be an adaptation of the mission style and will be unusually spacious. Its cost will approximate \$20,000.

Of interest to many friends was the marriage recently of Mr. J. W. Summerfield and Miss Phoebe Labory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Labory of South Grand avenue. The ceremony was performed in Santa Ana, where the two slipped quietly away from their friends. Mr. Summerfield, who is one of the local justices of the peace, is well known in Los Angeles, where he has lived for a number of years. With his bride he has taken apartments at the Rajah.

Miss Mabel Stuart, assisted by her mother, Mrs. B. F. Church of 845 Alvarado street, gave an informal dancing party at their home Wednesday evening. The house was effectively decorated with a profusion of red blossoms and greenery and the veranda was enclosed and lighted with Japanese lanterns. About twenty couples enjoyed the occasion.

In celebration of her birthday anniversary, Miss Florence Wells of 322 West Thirty-third street is entertaining about twenty-five of her friends this afternoon at an informal party. Pink roses and greenery have been used in forming an attractive decoration. Among those who will enjoy the afternoon are Mrs. Frank Kierulff, jr., Misses Mary Olmstead, Ella Ludwig, Carrie Jones, Mabel Jones, Evelyn Everett, Mabel Everett, Evelyn Bowers, Marguerite Atsatt, Mildred Marshall, May Roberts, Anita Brown, Verona Spellmeyer, Evelyn Ross, Rowena Deats, Helen Ward, Alice Buchanan Leila Crew, Edith Wells, Edith Godsmark, Florence Wheeler, Annie Still, Gladys Still, Maude Latimer, and Anna Latimer.

Although this season the society women of Los Angeles are devoting every available afternoon and evening to luncheons, teas, receptions and

other functions of the like, to the exclusion of all form of athletics, Santa Monica women continue to be devotees to the outdoor entertainment. More popular than ever is the Santa Monica Ladies' Hockey club and the regular meets held each Saturday afternoon. As a social feature, a tea is enjoyed after the game, in the club ground pavilion. In future, the club is to be a mixed one for men as well as women, a mixed match being scheduled for every Saturday afternoon, while the second and fourth Thursdays will be passed by the women in a practice match. Among those who are especially active in this outdoor pastime are Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Mrs. B. O. Bruce, Miss Edna Archer, Miss Gladys Archer, Mrs. A. Lewis, Mrs. Hugh Evans, Miss Morphy and Mrs. G. L. Waring.

Miss Georgia Truman of El Tinerto, Highland Park, entertained Friday afternoon with an informal luncheon in honor of Miss Anita Patton, and Miss A. Hutchinson, who is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton at Lake Vineyard. Recently, Miss Truman gave a delightful luncheon in compliment to Mrs. Arthur Collins, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Cameron E. Thom of West Adams street.

Accompanied by friends, Miss Marjorie Derby of 1145 Ingraham left last week for a visit in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence E. Berkey of 135 Van Ness avenue, with their son and daughter, Stanley and Elizabeth, left last Saturday for several months' stay in Wisconsin. On their return they will visit with relatives in Texas. Miss Evelyn Holladay, daughter of Dr. William R. Holladay, accompanied them.

Invitations have been issued by Miss Violet McDonald of 1330 Ingraham street for a bridge whist party to be given at her home next Tuesday evening in compliment to her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McDonald of Mexico City.

Miss Emma Bumiller and Miss Charlotte Workman, who left Los Angeles a few weeks ago for the east, plan to pass the winter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young and their daughter, Miss B. Ruth Young, of Honolulu are guests for a time of their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas R. McNab of Hotel Leighton.

After a three months' visit in the east, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Frenshaw have returned to their home, 1419 Wilton place, where Mrs. Frenshaw will be at home to her friends the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart of 849 South Burlington avenue, who only recently returned to her home here after several months' absence in the east, has disposed of her residence and leaves today for New York city, where she will remain pending the completion of her plans to pass the winter in Egypt. She will sail for that country soon after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frederic Adam and family of 2699 Orchard avenue left recently for a six weeks' tour through Mexico.

Mr. Sheldon Borden with his daughter, Miss Juliette Borden, and Mrs. M. C. Burnett, have returned to their home, 2323 South Hope street, where they are at home to their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Finlayson have moved into their new home 500 Gramercy, where Mrs. Finlayson will receive her friends the first and second Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Vickery have disposed of their home at 1349 Constance street and have taken apartments at the Hershey Arms for the winter.

Mrs. Frank Elmer Rich of Hotel Woodward entertained friends at dinner Sunday night, the party afterward enjoying the program of music rendered in the hotel lobby.

Members of the Emanon club enjoyed a delightful luncheon Tuesday at Hotel Lankershim. Following the luncheon the young women played whist in the hotel parlor.

With an assurance of undoubted success, the society vaudeville to be

given under the auspices and for the benefit of the Los Angeles Fruit and Flower mission at the Ebell club house Monday night will be one of the best of its kind ever presented in Los Angeles. Mrs. Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith is in charge of the entertainment and has accomplished an excellent work in the coaching and rehearsing of those taking part in the program.

Mrs. Mary Augusta Williams and Mrs. J. W. Hopkins, who have been traveling in Europe for the last seven months, have returned and are at home to their friends at the Burlington.

Mrs. Charles Van Valkenburgh of 1554 Gramercy place entertained Tuesday afternoon with an informal luncheon, her guests including Mmes. William A. Gibson, A. Rendall, J. Mellus, Herbert Stitchfield, A. Thompson, and Miss Adelaide Stanton and Hermann.

Miss Alice Osdon of Hotel Woodward was hostess Monday afternoon at a box party at the Auditorium. Her guests were Mrs. W. P. English, Mrs. John Lashbrook, Mrs. M. P. Bailey, Mrs. J. W. Robb, Miss Joy, Miss Moira Park, and Miss Marguerite O'Donahue.

Mrs. Joseph Banning has issued invitations for a Christmas musical to be given at her home Wednesday evening, December 23. A program of Christmas carols will be arranged and other delightful features will be a part of the evening's pleasure.

Mrs. Eugene D. Eaton and her sister, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, who have been visiting with Mrs. M. A. Yndart at Santa Barbara, have returned from the north. Mrs. Yndart and her two daughters have gone to Mexico City to remain five or six months.

Mrs. John Conness Shepherd, who has been visiting for several days at the home of Mrs. W. W. Stilson of 1048 Kensington road, left Tuesday for her home in Chihuahua, Mexico, in response to an unexpected call.

Students of the Dobinson School of Expression and Dramatic art will give their annual December program—dance Saturday evening, Dec. 19, at Dobinson auditorium. The following program will be rendered, to be followed by dancing: "Last Day of School," comedy in one act, Sadie Flynn, Juanita Carter, and Helen Tyler; "Henry the Eighth," scene, with Volney Spalding as Wolsey and Percy Tyler as Cromwell; solo dance (Moorish), by Fannie Wolff; scene from Hamlet by Casson Ferguson and Clara Williams; "Sunset's," comedy in one act, Clara Anderson, Oneita Selzer, Hazel Luther, Cass Ferguson, Volney Spalding, and Burton Barnes; "Marriage of the Flowers," Helen Tyler, "A Dress Rehearsal," (musical interlude), Cass Ferguson and Nettie Kirkham.

To Repeat Christian Science Lecture
Owing to the fact that at Frank A. Leonard's previous lecture nearly five thousand people were turned away because of lack of accommodations, it has been decided to repeat his able exposition of Christian Science teachings tomorrow afternoon at Shrine auditorium, Jefferson street, one block west of Figueroa. Doors will open at 2:15. Admission, as before, will be free.

Adams Heights School 1859 W. Adams Street

Boarding and day school for girls between the ages of four and fifteen. Boys admitted to the kindergarten. Applications for admission will be received from ten to five, excepting Saturday.

MISS MOSGROVE,
MISS THOMAS,

Principals

Mr. Publisher:

All the mechanical work on The Graphic is done by us.

BAUMGARDT PUBLISHING CO.
116 North Broadway

Both A 1161
Telephones Main 1161



THIS STORE

Has Sixteen Separate and Distinct Departments

We have been specializing on these separate departments for some weeks past and will continue to do so up to the evening of the 24th. We are endeavoring to give full and complete information regarding the articles handled in all of our departments.

We desire to be just as helpful as possible during this holiday season and we trust that our suggestions from time to time will be of some help in deciding the all important question just now of what to give.

It will of course, be almost impossible for us to publish anything like a complete list of the articles we carry in stock. We therefore urge you to visit the store as soon as you can conveniently do so. The earlier in the month the better, and the morning hours give the better opportunity for looking.

BROCK & FEAGANS

Goldsmiths---Silversmiths---Gem Merchants

437-439-441
BROADWAY

Holiday Stationery

Fancy boxes of writing paper suitable for Christmas gifts, Die stamping and visiting cards.

Fountain pens, the best makes—Waterman, Conklin and the Marshall—the best \$1.00 pen made.

Sanborn, Vail & Company

TWO STORES

434 and 737 South Broadway

Engraving



Absolute correctness of form and an unvarying excellence of execution distinguish engraved cards, invitations and announcements produced at "Ye Print Shop."

J.S. THAYER CO.

Successors to

Ford, Smith & Little Co.

Next to the Ville, 313 S. Broadway

HOTEL ALEXANDRIA Los Angeles



A Triumph in fireproof construction. Spanish Renaissance in Steel, Tile and Marble. Combined with the facilities and conveniences of the Electric Age. MISSION INDIAN GRILL. Unique, Enchanting. Open from 11 a. m. till after midnight. Business People's noonday lunch. After-theater parties. A la carte.

Raymond C. Gould FINE ARTS

324 West Fifth Street
LOS ANGELES

Pottery, Jewelry, Antique Furniture, Pictures, Framing

IN THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES Hotel Lankershim



POPULAR
PRICES

CUISINE
UNEXCELLED

European Plan. First Class and Strictly Modern
FREE AUTO BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

The Old Resorts Are All Popular

- ☞ The Mount Lowe Trip leads all in variety and grandeur of scenery.
- ☞ Long Beach is still the mecca of the Pleasure Seeker.
- ☞ Lovers of Good Cooking choose Casa Verdugo for Spanish Delicacies.
- ☞ And Inlet Inn for Fish Dinners.

A TROLLEY RIDE

Is What You Need

The Pacific Electric Railway



By George A. Dobinson

To account for the success of "The Chorus Lady," which holds the boards at the Mason this week, it must be noted that the play is well constructed, close in action, the interest confined to few principals, and the four acts beginning at half past eight terminated at a quarter to eleven. All good points, and, in addition, the chorus lady herself is the pivotal center for the entire performance. In the second act, with its view of the interior working of the chorus girl's dressing room at the theater, the dressing and undressing of the girls, the statuesque Gibson figures, the sheath gowns, the gossip, the vulgarity, so out of keeping with the beauty of form and elegance of fashionable attire, all combine to make of it an attraction in itself, and it is a guess that this feature was the one that underlaid the construction of the whole play. It is a clever scene and its success is as much owing to the method of its treatment as to the scene itself. It contains nothing but the mean rivalries of stunning looking girls, with their gossip, but with nothing offensive to the finer sensibilities of a cultured audience. The domestic story that has been woven around this scene is clever and the third act gives Rose Stahl an excellent opportunity for letting loose one of those outbursts of virtuous indignation that never fail to evoke enthusiastic applause, when she denounces the class of men that make a habit of alluring the innocent girls that wander upon the stage as if they were going into a millinery store.

It is all true to life as we find it, except for the fact that the timorous mouse in this case commits forgery so innocently is a little hard for the imagination to compass. But, after all, it is Rose Stahl, as the chorus "lady," that people go to see and not a dinky little melodramatic stunt, and so one gets interested in watching her movements and her tricks in delineating the chorus girl just back home in the first act, fresh from the failure of the company she has been with on the road and anxious to rush again to New York so as not to keep Henry W. Savage and Klaw & Erlinger waiting.

The change in the third and fourth acts is well made, but hardly artistic, while without it, the drama would have no excuse for living. The chorus lady is suddenly converted from the frivolous creature we see her in the first and second acts, into a watchful, controlled and executive young woman who directs and dominates the situations as they arise. The support is good. Giles Shine, as the father of the girls, remembered by the writer as a Touchstone in an "As You Like It" production, has not many lines, but is excellent in the character. Dan Mallory, by Wilfred Lucas, is appropriately fitted and the O'Brian of Alice Leigh, while not attractive, though truthful, in the first act, redeems herself later. Nora, by Eva Dennison is just what is demanded of the character.

"The Only Way," at Auditorium

Lewis S. Stone's reappearance in "The Only Way," at the Auditorium this week, serves to remind the audiences that an actor is still in their midst. After various submergencies in inferior and unsuitable parts, Mr. Stone is once more at home in what is really a star performance. His interpretation is now bigger, broader, more elevated than when it was seen here before, which is saying a good deal, for as it was first presented it was entirely satisfactory. Miss Oakley, in the leading woman's character, is good, although her first night performance suffers from the inequality that might be expected from the circumstances. Miss Oakley shows that she possesses a sensitive temperament and the sure sign of better things to come. There was a false note in her "Won't you kiss me?" which was erased a moment later by her very artistic look and tone as she sees La

Guillotine. A jarring note in the performance was the want of any effort to make a likeness between the Darnay of Mr. Ruggles and the Carton of Mr. Stone. Miss Noyes did the best work in which she has been seen here. Mr. Scott was strangely uneven; fine in the prologue, indifferent in Carton's chambers, and magnificent in the mob scene. The stage management is admirable, and the mob scene well drilled and very effective.

"Parisian Romance" at the Belasco

While the play "A Parisian Romance" was not written for the purpose of exploiting the character of Baron Chevalier, the public interest in it, and in fact all that makes it survive upon the stage at this late day, is the representation of that personality; and therefore the performance of Mr. Glazier in the character, at the Belasco theater, is the attraction that drew the audiences to that house this week. Domestic sentimentality pervades the piece in the house life of Henri de Targy, his wife and mother, and those characters are well played by Mr. Van Buren, Miss Smythe and Miss Carey, respectively.

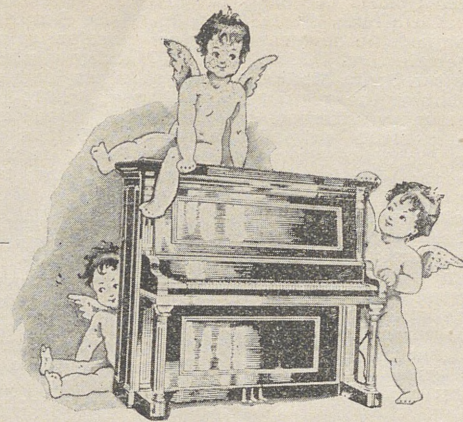
Mr. Glazier gives a painstaking personation along the lines that Mansfield drew, and while he does not make the character so repellent in his make-up, nor so full of detail as his forerunner, he yet manages to present him with a fair degree of verity. It is a portrayal full of detail and these details require more than Mr. Glazier has had to bring out in all their force. He is as yet too strong in his acting and many of the innumerable touches that show the old roue's weakness are wanting. Still, it is a most creditable performance on his part, and deserves much praise. Miss Bernard does well with the character of Rosa Guerin, even though she is too ladylike and ingenuous to convey the portrait in the French manner. Miss Carey, as the mother, a highly important personage in the story, is admirable while Miss Smythe portrays the wife with great discretion. Mr. Van Buren is all that could be desired as the son with the fine sense of honor. A word of praise must not be omitted in favor of Mr. Graham's Dr. Chesnel, which has the true touch of naturalism and impressiveness. Mr. Graham brings the right atmosphere each time he comes upon the stage. The whole performance goes smoothly from first to last, and widely apart as the play is from the thought and action that is the vogue upon the stage today, it is yet compelling in its simple dramatic force.

"Glittering Gloria," at Burbank

"Glittering Gloria" glimmers gloriously at the Burbank this week in the charming person of Florence Stone. Of course, one is prone to feel a pardonable wonder as to where a chorus girl could get the gorgeous apparel displayed by Gloria; but this wonder isn't duplicated at the fact that nearly every man in the cast has a tender feeling for the bewitching blonde. Margo Duffet's dark beauty is an excellent contrast to Miss Stone, as her almost too pronounced reserve is the antithesis of Miss Stone's vital warmth. When playing farcical characters, William Desmond, apparently, feels called upon to lay in a large supply of gestures. These are altogether unnecessary, and Mr. Desmond should dispense with them. Henry Stockbridge comes into his own as the caricature of an Englishman—the sort that adorns most farces—and makes his points in no uncertain manner. The majority of the actors are well cast, Charles Giblyn giving a brief but effective bit as a Scotchman whose dialect does not call for too great a stretch of the imagination. You will laugh at "Glittering Gloria," and after you get through you will wonder why, but, nevertheless, it is worth while to laugh without thinking.

"The Alaskan" at the Majestic

With its picturesque setting, plenty of action, a sufficiency of humor and excellent voices, with good chorus accompaniment, "The Alaskan," presented at the Majestic theater this week is one of the best light operas seen in Los Angeles for many a day. Its theme, while not unusual, is given an attractive setting and excellent singing and acting go far toward making the opera a success. The scene is a mining camp in Alaska. Its plot, the



THE CHOICEST GIFT OF ALL

The joy and refinement of music in the home was never so accessible to you as just now. Just when pianos are wanted most, we are clearing out a long line of new and second-hand pianos at small prices—\$350 grade for \$196. Pianos taken in part payment for Steger Player Pianos, \$100 and up. Clearing out to make room for new stock coming in. We sell pianos \$6 down and \$6 a month.

Fitzgerald's
113-113 1/2 SO. SPRING ST

"Ye Olde
Musik Shop"

LOS ANGELES RACING ASSOCIATION

6---Races Every Week Day---6

RAIN OR SHINE

Santa Anita Park

Pacific Electric and Southern Pacific Special Race Trains Direct to Grand Stand. Round Trip, 25 Cents.

First Race 1:50 p. m. Admission \$1.00.

The Auditorium

"THEATER BEAUTIFUL"

Ernest Crawford, Manager
SECOND CONCERT

Symphony
Orchestra

FRIDAY AFT. Dec. 18. Seats 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
SEAT SALE AT BARTLETT'S

Simpson Auditorium

L. E. BEHYMER, Manager.

Monday Night, December 21.
ONLY TIME HERE

MADAME LILLIAN
NORDICA

SEAT SALE NOW

Seats---\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.
SEAT SALE AT BARTLETT'S

The Chutes---

Lehigh Investment Co.

The Greatest Amusement Park in the World.

FREE RIDES

On the Chutes, Miniature Railway and Merry-go-round. Free Vaudeville every afternoon and evening.

FREE DANCING PAVILION

Dancing every evening and Sunday afternoons. Societies and Lodges can make arrangements for exclusive use by giving one week's notice. Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.

love of a miner, whose claim has pettered out, for the wealthy daughter of the man who grubstaked him and who is his partner in the mining venture. A second love element is that of the mine's foreman for the heiress' chaperone. Edward Martindell, with a rich bass voice yielding deep tones of remarkable clarity, stars in the role of Totem Pole Pete, the foreman. His song, "My Totem Pole," with male chorus in grotesque, totem pole coverings, is one of the best bits of the opera and wins several recalls. Mr. Martindell also sings another gem song in "For I Dream of You." Forrest Huff, who plays the part of Richard Atwater, half-owner of the mining claim, has a beautiful baritone voice, heard to especial advantage in "Arlee." Miss Lora Leib, the prima donna, possesses a bright manner, noticeable grace and the necessary attribute of a well cultivated voice. She is particularly winsome in her acting and singing of the song "Mother Did." Miss Von Busing, who plays opposite Mr. Martindell, in the part of the chaperone, has a contralto voice of much charm. Staging is excellent and the chorus is made up of noticeably good voices, enhanced by the rather novel attire of miners and Eskimos.

Good Bill at Orpheum

Honors at the Orpheum this week are accorded Mr. and Mrs. Allison in a comedy skit, "The Swede Girl and the Fellow Who Sings." Mrs. Allison does an artistic bit of work as the Swede girl from Minnesota, as those who "haf bane" there can attest. Henry Horton, late star of "Eben Holden," presents a pastoral comedy in two acts, entitled "Uncle Lem's Dilemma." He is assisted by Louise Hardenburgh and James O'Neill. Mr. Horton gives a clever interpretation of the leading role and a quaint philosophy and humor pervade the little farce. The Millman Trio, with Bird Millman as its principal performer, appears in a marvelous aerial wire act, which is accomplished with great ease. The Misses May and Flora Hengler, in a dance and song turn, are dainty and pretty and win a share of the applause. Individually, the young women are noticeably graceful, but in team work their arm gyrations lacked uniformity to such an extent as to mar the act. The Four Nightons are held over from last week's bill and in their plastic poses create an artistic scene. George Primrose and dancing boys; Kelsey and Bothe, and Morrow and Schellberg repeat their acts of last week.

"Wang," at the Grand

"Wang" is as tuneful and as laugh inspiring as ever, although its production by the Ferris Hartman company drags a little. Hartman and Robert Lett both do capital work as the comedians, and Muggins Davies sings the old favorite about the pretty girl in a shady nook in a girlishly sweet voice that is refreshing. Sibyl Page is good to look upon, but her vagaries of voice are startling. What is a rich, true tone at one time is a discordant flat at another. Walter de Leon tumbles over himself as the keeper of the elephant, and the chorus confirms the good impression it made in "The Idol's Eye." A little more care as to the settings would not be amiss.

Offerings to Come

General Lew Wallace's famous "Ben Hur" will be the offering at the Mason, beginning Monday, December 14, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The drama is given a spectacular production, the various scenes

allowing for wide scope of the artist's imagination. The play is of peculiar interest to those whose religious scruples keep them from the theater, as a rule, as the influence of the Nazarene is treated in a most reverent manner. The famous chariot race between Ben Hur and Messala continues a feature of the performance.

Lewis S. Stone and Florence Oakley will have an opportunity to play the romantic lovers in "The House of a Thousand Candles," which is to be the offering at the Auditorium next week. The dramatization of Meredith Nicholson's popular novel will be given its first production here by the Auditorium company, and will serve to introduce De Witt Jennings, the new character man, who will appear as Bates, the faithful and mysterious butler.

Annie Russell's pretty play, "Mice and Men," will be presented at the Belasco Monday night. Mr. Van Buren, the leading man, will have a congenial role, as will also Harry Glazier, Richard Vivian, and Dorothy Bernard. The stage settings will be new and attractive, and the period in which the scenes are laid will allow beautiful costuming.

James J. Corbett will fill a week's engagement at the Morosco Majestic theater, beginning next Sunday night, at the head of his own company in "Facing the Music." Mr. Corbett is a prime favorite in this city and his new play will give him abundant opportunity to prove his ability as a comedian.

Much interest centers in the presentation at the Burbank theater next week of Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," since the play will introduce to Los Angeles audiences Mary Hall, the new leading woman, and Lovell Alice Taylor, the new comedienne, of the Burbank company.

Heading the new bill at the Orpheum comes the Staley & Birbeck transformation act, called "The Musical Blacksmiths," which is said to be mystifying in its quick changes. Lew Hawkins, "The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy," brings a new collection of songs, jokes and stories; Welch, Mealy, and Montrose, will burlesque a baseball game, and Sophie de Wolfe, a violinist of marked ability, complete the offerings. Holdovers are the remarkable Millman family, Flo and May Hengler, Henry Horton and company, and Mr. and Mrs. Allison in their Swedish skit.

Into its second week goes "Wang" at the Grand opera house, beginning with Sunday matinee. There will be no change in the cast or the production, but the elephant has become more at home on the stage than he was last week. Following "Wang," comes "The Toymaker."

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
November 16, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Ernest F. Decker of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on August 13, 1908, made homestead entry (02064) No. 11155, for Lot 1, Sec. 28, and E. 1/2 of S.W. 1/4, N.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4 Section 21, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S.B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, on the 5th day of January, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses, F. M. Kincaid, of Los Angeles, Cal.; J. A. Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Richard Hansen, of Sherman, Cal.; Perry Cottle of Sherman, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Nov. 28, 5t; first publication Nov. 28, '08

Shrine Auditorium

Christian Science Lecture Frank H. Leonard, C.S.B.
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday afternoon, December 13th, 1908, at 3 o'clock. Doors open at 2:15 o'clock. Admission free.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

Banning Line Steamers--Daily Service

This resort is unequalled for Climate, Marine Gardens, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Wild Goat Hunting, Golf, Tennis, etc. It has the combined advantages of Ocean and Mountain resorts.

Information and Literature from

Banning Co., 104 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles

Hamburger's MAJESTIC Theater

Broadway, Between 8th and 9th

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager.

ALL WEEK

Beginning Sunday Night, Dec. 13, H. H. FRAZEE Presents

ALL WEEK

JAMES J. CORBETT, in the FAMOUSLY FUNNY FARCE

FACING THE MUSIC

Bargain Matinee Wednesday. Prices, 25c 50c. A few front rows, 75c. Matinee Saturday. Night Prices---25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. A few front rows \$1.50. To follow: Max Figman in "The Substitute"

Morosco's Burbank Theater

Los Angeles Leading Stock House.

All Week

Matinees Sunday and Saturday

The Home of Success

All Week

The Incomparable Burbank Theater Stock Company in

The Stubbornness of Geraldine

BY CLYDE FITCH

First appearance of the new and talented leading woman, Miss Mary Hall

First appearance of the popular comedienne, Miss Lovell Alice Taylor

TO FOLLOW---"JANICE MEREDITH"

Orpheum Theater--Vaudeville

Beginning Matinee Monday, December 14

Spring Street, between Second and Third

Both Phones 1447

Matinee Every Day.

STALEY & BIRBECK
The Musical Blacksmiths
WELCH, MEALY & MONTROSE
In Their Comical "Play Ball!"
LEW HAWKINS
The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy
SOPHIE DEWOLF
Violiniste

Evenings, 10-25-50-75c.

THE MILLMAN TRIO
With Miss Bird Millman
MAY AND FLORA HENGLER
Singers and Dancers
HENRY HORTON & CO.
In "Uncle Lem's Dilemma"
MR. AND MRS. ALLISON
The Swede Girl and the Fellow Who Sings
ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES
Matinees daily, 10-25-50c.

Grand Opera House

Second Big Week, Beginning Matinee, Sunday, December 13

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday

Both Phones 1967

FERRIS HARTMAN
and his
superb
MUSICAL COMPANY

WANG

A Siamese
Musical
Incident of
Beauty and Joy

Universally admitted by press and public to be the best ever seen here.

Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Matinees 10c, 25c.

Next Week---"THE TOYMAKER," a Christmas Spectacle. Special Christmas Matinee.

Belasco Theater

A. C. JONES, Manager

BELASCO, MAYER & JONES, Proprietors
Main Street, Between Third and Fourth
Phones Main 3380. Home A 3910

Belasco Theater Stock Company

—IN—

Mice and Men

Regular Belasco Prices prevail. Every night, 25 cents to 75 cents. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays, 25c to 75c.

Auditorium

Phones: Sunset Main 5186. Home F5336

THEATER BEAUTIFUL

ERNEST CRAWFORD, Manager

Commencing Monday night, John H. Blackwood Co. presents LEWIS S. STONE and Company in

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

Regular matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Prices nights, 25c, 35c and 50c; matinees, 25c.

Mason Opera House

One week, beginning Monday, Dec. 14, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

H. C. WYATT,

Lessee and Manager.

KLAW &

ERLANGER'S

STUPENDOUS

Ben-Hur

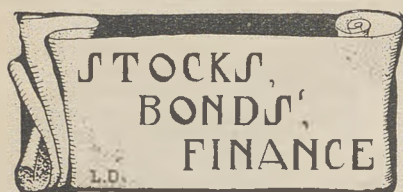
SEATS

NOW

SELLING

PRICES—Lower floor \$2; dress circle \$1.50 and \$1.00; balcony 75c and 50c. Mail orders with remittance promptly filled. No seats laid aside. No phone orders taken.

The Graphic will pay more attention to Drama and Music than any other similar publication on the Coast.



Bull influences are in undisputed possession of the local security market and with the good oils and industrial issues in the lead nearly every security is soaring past its record-breaking price.

Los Angeles Home Telephone, pfd., for instance, has recovered nearly all of its losses, due to the recent highest court decision, yielding to the city the right to regulate its service charges, while Associated Oil, apparently hovering upon the threshold of an indefinite paying period, has been climbing upward of late until the stock now is selling around 40. In the event that a distribution of surplus earnings should be conceded to holders of the shares in the immediate future Associated is pretty certain to be pegged up around 50.

Union Oil and its affiliated corporations, regarded by many as the most reliable investments in this market, continue to be held firmly at high prices, although the recent sensational jumps in the direction of par, are for the time being held in check. That Union itself will be hard to obtain around 100 between now and the company's annual meeting early in the year continues to be a prediction among those in position to know. It is being recalled that Union always has been liberal to stockholders, and the management being pledged to devote a certain portion of its earnings toward dividend purposes, it is felt that an increased distribution is a matter of only a short time.

Edison stocks have been gaining, between \$4 and \$10 a share in the last two weeks, the common as well as the preferred being held firmly around the present high prices. The fact that all offerings of reliable securities having a local market, are absorbed in any quantity as fast as offered, proves this to be a genuine bull market, with the public doing the buying. There is no doubt that soon after January 1, when Savings Bank interest has been earned and paid, there will be more absorption of everything offered that is good than there is at present.

Bank stocks continue firm with a tendency not to rule much higher for the present.

Money is becoming a drug in the market and the rate for loaning must soon come down. Banking credit continues to ease.

Banks and Banking

Almost \$350,000 in the form of dividends will be distributed among the stockholders in Los Angeles' financial institutions the first of the year. This amount, however, does not represent the total income of this class of securities for the half or quarter, as the dividend period of a number of the banks does not fall due this month. In addition to this distribution, every bank in the city will carry over a considerable part of its earnings to the surplus and undivided profits accounts. The largest dividend to be paid out will be by the Security Savings bank, which will distribute \$63,000. The First National with \$62,500 comes a near second. The dividend of the former bank, however, is for 71-2 per cent for the semi-year, making a total for the year of \$127,500, while the First National is 5 per cent for the quarter. The last named bank will have paid out for the year a total of an even \$250,000. The bank has already announced an increase in its annual dividend from 20 per cent to 24 per cent, beginning Jan. 1, the additional 4 per cent to be paid by the Los Angeles Trust company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust company.

This new rate will mean a total annual distribution by the First National of \$300,000 or \$75,000 each quarter. The Farmers' and Merchants' National bank is third on the list, rated by the amount to be paid out the first of the year. This institution will give out \$45,000 on 3 per cent for the quarter. This bank has carried

a large amount each year for five years to its undivided profits account, which now stands at \$842,049. The Citizens' National bank will pay its regular 5 per cent dividend for the half year and in addition a 2 per cent dividend has been declared, making the total payment for Jan. 1, \$21,000. It is announced that this institution will probably pay a semi-annual rate of 6 per cent instead of 5 per cent, as formerly. The American National, the German American Savings, and the Southern Trust company have each paid out \$30,000.

National Bank of California and the Merchants' Bank and Trust company have paid out \$7,500 and the Central National, the Commercial National, the United States National and the Globe Savings bank, each \$6,000. The Merchants' National pays \$8,000, the American Savings, \$6,750, and the Broadway Bank and Trust company, \$5,000. In March, the California Savings bank will pay out a dividend of 4 per cent or a little more than \$8,000. The Federal bank will pay 31-2 per cent, or about \$1,000, at the same time. The Home Savings bank will distribute 3 per cent, or \$6,000, in April, and several other banks are expected to enter the list of dividend payers in the next few months.

Members of the banking fraternity held an interesting annual meeting at Bisbee, Arizona, last week. A number of good papers were read and the following recommendations were made by the Arizona bankers: That the question of the adoption of the group system be referred to the executive committee; that the matter of taxation be taken up in the legislature; the making of a contract for repair and keeping of time locks be considered and an agency for bonding and burglary insurance be taken up. Vice-president Stoddard Jess of the First National bank of this city made one of the strongest and best addresses of the session. J. E. Lynch of the First National bank of San Francisco also was among the Californians present, who gave a talk. Concluding the meeting, a banquet was held at the Copper Queen hotel, and toasts were responded to by Messrs. Stoddard Jess, Newman Essick, and W. Woods of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles bank clearings for the week were \$11,512,122.07, an increase of 65.7 per cent, which is a larger percentage gain than was made by any other of the principal cities of the state. San Francisco gained 22.9 per cent, the clearings for the week being \$35,945,981.47. Oakland, with clearings of \$1,567,676.53, made a gain of 17.2 over the corresponding week of last year. Sacramento's record for the week was \$980,648.39, a gain of 35.1 per cent. San Jose, \$533,503.02, a gain of 21.4 per cent. Stockton, \$546,051.98, a gain of 65 per cent. Fresno, \$617,963.05, and San Diego, \$748,986.85. The total for these eight California cities for the week was \$52,452,933.36.

Money begins to be noticeably plentiful and loans which one could scarcely obtain for love or big interest last year is being offered at 7 per cent by private parties in almost any amount. Banks, too, have large sums on hand and the difficulty of obtaining funds for building and other investments is a thing of the past. Much of the private capital which is seeking investment in good residence property or other similarly desirable loans has been brought from the east, owing to the larger rate of interest paid in this part of the country, and the unexcelled security offered.

By a deal made recently, the First National bank of Rhyolite takes over the business of John S. Cook & Co. This makes the former one of the strongest financial institutions in the state of Nevada.

Stock and Bond Briefs

January 6 has been set as the date for the High school and grammar school bond election, when the question at issue will be the voting of \$720,000, of which \$480,000 will be used in the construction of a new High school and \$240,000 for grammar schools.

Pasadenans have been circulating a petition asking that the city council call an election for issuance of bonds to complete a storm-water drain sys-

Population in 1910
350,000

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR

Bargains in

INSIDE PROPERTY

"First Class Investments"

CONSULT

W. M. GARLAND & CO.

324 Huntington Building

Los Angeles
Trust Company

Capital, \$1,000,000

Surplus, \$250,000

The company acts as executive of your will, trustee in confidential matters, manager of your real estate.

Interest allowed on idle money and surplus funds.

Jas. H. Adams & Co.

GOVERNMENT,
MUNICIPAL,
SCHOOL AND
CORPORATION BONDS

111-113 West Fourth Street
LOS ANGELES

Hotel Alexandria
Los Angeles

Mills Building
San Francisco

J. C. WILSON

MEMBER

New York Stock Exchange

Chicago Board of Trade

The Stock and Bond Exchange, San Francisco

PRIVATE WIRES

Gordon and Company

Mining Stocks and Bonds

Member Nevada Mining Stock Exchange

Los Angeles Chamber of Mines

Phone A 8290

254 Wilcox Building, Los Angeles

ALBERT SEARL

Guaranteed Local Investments. Executes Commissions Upon Local and All Other Reputable Stock Exchanges

400-401 GROSSE BUILDING

Telephone F6477

R. D. LIST

1021 Central Building F1888

INVESTMENT BROKER

Please call at my office if you wish to borrow or lend money at current rates

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

REALTY, STOCKS, BONDS

305 H. W. Hellman Building Los Angeles, Cal.

Paid up Capital \$150,000

Member Los Angeles Stock Exchange and Los Angeles Realty Board. Cable Address "Stilson."

A2547

Telephones

Main 105

J. E. MEYER

Stocks, Bonds, Investments

Broker and Dealer in

High Grade Securities

202 Mercantile Place, at Spring St.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

Oldest and Largest Savings

Bank in Southwest

Capital and Reserve \$1,250,000

Four per cent interest paid on savings deposits.

SECURITY BUILDING

Spring and Fifth Sts., Los Angeles

The Southern Trust Company

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

Transacted in All Its Branches

Interest Paid on All Classes of Accounts

Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$200,000

Resources Over \$4,000,000

THE SOUTHERN TRUST CO.

114 West Fourth Street

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

Specialty Business Property and High Class Residence Property

MINES & FARISH
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
315 S. HILL STREET

Fully Equipped Rental Department.
Give us a call. Phones: Home Ex. 1457; Main 1457

Chris Krempel, Pres. Wm. Preston, Sec. and Treas.

THE ADLOFF &
HAUERWAAS CO.

SOLE AGENTS

Wieland's Beer

IN BOTTLES AND KEGS

Family Trade Solicited

BUY AND BOOST

RED RIBBON BEER

Aged in glass enameled steel tanks and brewed of the choicest Malt and Hops. The largest storage capacity of any brewery on the East Side.

The MATHIE BREWING CO.

FINE BOTTLED BEERS A SPECIALTY

Phones—East 66; Home, Ex. 942.

Myrick & Company

Eastern Races by Wire

All Tracks Where Racing is in Progress

Commissions Accepted

121 West First Street

End of Central Avenue Car line

Take Vernon Car, Second and Spring Streets

Home Phone 572—Main 57

"San Diego," The Quality Beer

In a Class by Itself—Families Supplied

Iroquois Bottling Company

EXCLUSIVE BOTTLERS

FOR LOS ANGELES

Main 431

tem. Although no stated amount for the improvement is asked, it is generally understood that approximately \$250,000 is desired.

Steps have been taken by the San Diego Electric Railway company to create a bonded indebtedness of \$5,000,000 to use in discharging old debts contracted in improvements and for the purpose of gaining funds for completing the railroad and in the purchase of new equipment.

At a meeting held last week, the Pomona board of trustees declared the \$80,000 issue of city hall bonds null and void. A committee of citizens has requested the board to call a second election for \$50,000 bonds of which \$30,000 will be used for building a city hall and \$20,000 will be expended in the purchase of a site.

Sealed bids for the purchase of sixty-one of the one hundred bonds issued by Hollywood citizens will be received by the city clerk of that place up to 8 o'clock p. m., Dec. 16. The bonds are in the sum of \$1,000 each. No bids for less than par and accrued interest will be received, and certified check of 5 per cent of the amount must accompany the bid.

Joseph Ball on the Situation

The recent call on the banks for statements shows clearly the large amounts of capital available for uses of business. December is the month in which the unwary borrower is most likely to be pinched, but this time there is, and probably will be till the close of the month, an abundance of funds at low rates.

New York city's offering of \$12,500,000 4 per cent bonds drew forth bids aggregating \$148,266,360.

The fifty-year bonds sold on an interest basis of 3.89 per cent, the ten-year bonds on an interest basis of 3.82 per cent. This is not only an indication, but substantial evidence that money is now seeking sound investment, whereas a few months ago the reverse was the case.

The iron market is tame, no orders of any consequence for rails, but the record for structural has been and is maintaining itself well. The United States Steel corporation has ordered thirty-four locomotives and is considering twenty-five more. The general tendency of prices is upward.

Copper is quiet on a basis of 143-8 for Lake in New York. This is still below the average price of the last ten years, which is 153-4.

The prospect of marketing agricultural products at ruling high prices is fully justified by present conditions.

Cotton and cotton fabrics are steady, while print cloths have risen. Work will soon begin on a \$5,000,000 cotton mill in East Boston.

After the shock to general business in the fall of 1907, it would be going too far to venture, at this juncture, the assertion that there has again been a return to a normal situation, for such a recovery cannot be so quickly consummated, but there are many reasons for encouragement.

The dealings on the Los Angeles stock exchange since the presidential election are much heavier than ever before in the history of that growing institution, with results noted below.

	Nov. 2	Dec. 2
Union Oil	83.75	94.87½
Union Prov.	83.00	94.00
United Pet.	84.75	95.75
Western Union	65.00	75.00
Amalgamated	70.00	79.00
Associated	35.00	39.37½
Columbia	.96¼	1.14½
Globe	.11	.18
Elk	.04	.04½
Edison pfd.	79.25	87.50
Edison com.	59.50	69.00...

Some of these securities are still attractive both on account of safety and interest return, and others are attractive on account of their market positions and future possibilities.

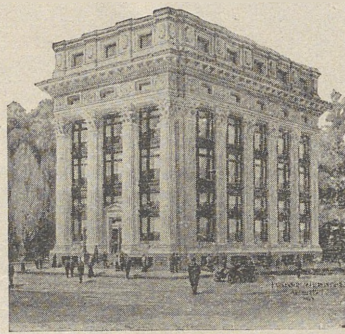
I believe the following securities are selling for less than they are worth and will make money for those who buy them now, viz.:

Edison common, Union oil, Amalgamated oil, Associated oil, Western Union oil, Rice Ranch oil, Globe oil, Elk Consolidated oil, Union Transportation 5s, Temescal Water 6s, Mission Transportation 5s.

The oil companies mentioned are all in good shape financially, are well managed properties, and they are all producers.

JOSEPH BALL.

NEW HOME OF THE PACIFIC MUTUAL



In its exceptionally well-planned, splendidly-equipped, artistic, fire-proof building, facing Central park, at the northwest corner of Olive and Sixth streets, California's sturdy Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company was installed this week. There may be better-constructed, more ingeniously-appointed structures, erected for a specific purpose, than this five-story building of concrete, with attractive exterior of glazed terra cotta in purest Corinthian style of architecture, but if so they are outside The Graphic's purview, which is far-reaching. It is not only a material evidence of the stability of the Pacific Mutual—there is easily fifty years of life in the structure—but to the architects, Messrs. Parkinson and Bergstrom, and to the Richards-Neustadt Construction company that built it, the result is in every way highly creditable.

Neither ornate nor sober, but of a happy medium, the new home of the Pacific Mutual suggests durability, stability, and security, symbolical of this California institution, which numbers among its directors and officers many of the foremost capitalists of the state. From basement to top story not a piece of wood appears in the construction. Fifteen spacious fire-proof vaults are a feature of the basement, which are devoted largely to harboring the older records of the company. There are twenty-one vaults in all.

Evidences of the modernity of office building are strikingly apparent in the sub-basement. From the engine room, whose stairs and flooring, like those above, are of concrete, deploy at right angles two five-foot tunnels of sixty, and one hundred and ten feet in length, extending to Olive on the left and Sixth street on the right, bearing all the wiring and piping from the outside used in the service. This avoids the tearing up of flooring in emergencies, a difficult task, considering their solidity. In testing for strength, the city building inspector found less than one-fifteenth of the allowable deflection under extreme loading test.

At the extreme end of the Olive street tunnel is an oil reservoir, capable of storing a month's supply, in case of heavy rains, shortage of stock or other delaying causes. This is fitted with a double cover, with an air-chamber between. An electric dynamo pumps the oil from this tank with admirable dispatch. In case of any overflow from water pipes or other sources a drain in the engine room floor carries off the waste without detriment to the building. Duplicate water tanks yield an abundant supply to all floors, and this water passing through coiled pipes on which stand massive cakes of ice, is drawn at a pleasingly low temperature from a faucet in every room. Having duplicate tanks insures airing and cleaning of the one not in use, at regular intervals.

Main entrance to the building is from Sixth street, through solid bronze doors of unique workmanship. In the center of the main vestibule, whose floor is of mosaic tiling, is inset the great seal of the company in Florentine mosaic, a strikingly handsome piece of craftsmanship. It is immediately beneath the solid bronze electric chandelier. From this vestibule entrance is had to the cashier's and treasurer's departments. Here, as elsewhere, the fittings, while apparently of beautifully grained mahogany, are of thin steel, so cunningly like

mahogany in finish as to deceive any eye but that of an expert. Inside, directly behind the cashier's window, is the specie and bond vault—the strong box of the company. Its outside door of double chilled steel, fitted with quadruple time locks, is eight inches in thickness and weighs 1,800 pounds. The inside door is of the same material six inches thick and weighing 1,500 pounds. The walls have about two feet of twisted steel and concrete in their construction, and are lined by two inches of chrome and Bessemer steel. A day door of beautifully-wrought brass grill work avoids the closing of the main doors during office hours. The bond and specie compartment is separated from the main vault by steel bars, entrance being obtained through an automatically registering door that rings a bell with each swing on its hinges. It takes two officers of the company to gain entrance to this main vault and to the specie compartment. Adjoining this vault is the bond room, and to the west is the finely-appointed lavatory. The investment department is on the east front of the main floor and is entered from the vestibule.

On the mezzanine floor is another massive vault; at present no departments will be installed here, the officers deciding to leave it open for future expansion. The second floor is occupied by the policy and medical departments, floods of light and an attractive vista lending charm to the interior. The entire third floor is devoted to the accident bureau, with separate offices for the heads of that branch of the service at the south end. The actuarial and renewal departments monopolize the fourth floor, whose windows, apparently small from the exterior, are really doubled, a line of windows, not seen from below due to the heavy cornice, giving reflected light from the burnished-copper inside finishing of the latter.

On the fifth floor are located the executive offices of the company, the general counsel, the library and directors' room. The outlook from its windows in every direction is most attractive, the hills and park giving variety to the view. All the inside windows opening off the elevator shaft are protected by double casements, the outer of wired glass, leaving a wide airspace between. The elevator doors on each floor are supplemented by sliding doors of heavy steel. All the outside windows are protected by rolling steel shutters, which would withstand the fiercest flame from the exterior. All the window fittings, inside and outside, are of steel, finished to match the doors and counter work. All trim, baseboard and picture mould are of enameled steel.

An ingeniously-arranged intercommunicating automatic telephone system avoids the use of a switch board, except for the Sunset phones, which will necessitate the service of an operator. Each telephone switch is equipped with ten pairs of wires for as many connections. The building is equipped throughout with Tungsten lights that give a white, steady glow. Lavatories on each floor, with an added rest room for the women clerks attest the thoughtfulness of the management towards its employees. It is no exaggeration to say that for utility the building is unsurpassed. There is no sign of lavish expenditure; hard common sense has been exercised to get full value, in material worth, for all that has been spent and the resultant is one of the finest, best-equipped, most satisfactory examples of down-to-date, specially designed office buildings in the country.

It is a great credit to Los Angeles, to the state. It should be standing, as solid as ever, when the children's children of the present directors and officers of the Pacific Mutual are in control. At present those who will enjoy its commodious comforts are George I. Cochran, president; Gail B. Johnson, vice-president and treasurer; John F. Roche, second vice-president and actuary; Danford M. Baker, third vice-president; C. I. D. Moore, secretary; Richard J. Mier, assistant secretary; Alfred W. Morgan, comptroller; Thomas B. Inch, assistant treasurer, and Dr. John L. Davis, med-

Harris & Frank
Leading Clothiers (INC.)
437-439-441-443 South Spring
Between Fourth and Fifth Streets.



Head to Foot
Outfitters
For Men and
Boys

DOBINSON
School of Expression Tenth Year

1044 South Hope Street
The Speaking Voice, Reading
Shakespeare, Dramatic Art, The Stage.
Private coaching for professionals.
Evening classes.
Plays in rehearsal now. Public appearances.
Write or call for particulars.
Instruction in class and privately.
GEORGE A. DOBINSON, Principal

G. F. Barlow John Koster
IMPERIAL CAFE
Entrances: 243 S. Spring St., 242 S. Broadway
Instrumental selections and songs
by Albert Tint and Phil Stebbins.
from 1 to 6 each afternoon. The
Chicago Ladies' Symphony Or-
chestra, under the direction of
Prof. Bernard Perboner, will ren-
der choice selections from 6 to
12:45 daily.

CAFE BRISTOL
The high-class appointments, perfect
service, and unexcelled menu of the
CAFE BRISTOL
appeals to discriminating people.

ENTIRE BASEMENT H. W. HELLMAN BLDG
FOURTH AND SPRING

NEW RAMBLERS
Are new in style and model—with
the old-time constant service that
has made 'em famous.
W. K. COWAN
832-34 South Broadway

RICHARDS-NEUSTADT
CONSTRUCTION CO.
Builders of Modern Fireproof
Buildings
704 Wright & Callender Bldg.

ical director, together with an expert staff of accountants and competent clerical help.

That the financial affairs of the company are prosperous to a degree is evidenced by the sworn statement of December 31, 1907, which shows approved assets, \$14,151,770; income for 1907, \$5,214,685.85; surplus to policy-holders, \$1,316,959.21; insurance in force, \$102,724,411. The company has deposited with the state treasurer at Sacramento in approved securities \$1,200,000 for the special protection of its policy-holders. In a few weeks the sworn statement of December 31, 1908, will be ready, which will show even a more prosperous condition of the company than that evidenced by the above figures.

Don't Dress in the Cold

It may be all right, but what's the use? It's no trouble and costs very little to have a

GAS HEATER

Just light it when you get up. The room will be warm almost immediately.

GAS HEATERS

for Sale by All Dealers

Los Angeles Gas & Electric Co.

645 South Hill St.

BOTH PHONES EXCHANGE 3

Los Angeles Brewing Company's



Pure and Wholesome

Lager Beers

are a Home Product not excelled by any eastern manufacture.

Why not try it?

PHONES: Sunset East 820
Home Ex. 820

"SELECT BREW"

THE BEER OF THE CONNOISSEUR



Maier Brewing Co.

440 Aliso Street

BOTH PHONES EXCHANGE 91

LUCILLE'S LETTER

My Dear Harriet: One could spend hours of precious time and beggar Webster's Unabridged in trying to describe the gorgeousness of the Boston Store's oriental department. This morning I shut my eyes to the glories that strewed my path and devoted myself to the Japanese embroideries. You have been sighing for a mandarin coat, and if you want one that will be a joy forever, hie yourself to the Boston. They have had a number made to order, the beauty of which you can only imagine. You know the colors in mandarin coats are prone to be glaring and inharmonious; but the Boston's coats come in the softest of shades, such as lavender, corn color and pink, and are embroidered in self colors. They have long and short kimono, too, in hand-printed crepes, and heavily embroidered. One gorgeous creation was embroidered in long tendrils of wisteria, with a border of great chrysanthemums and tiger lilies. In this department you can find Japanese bedspreads, pillow shams, portieres and table cloths, all heavily embroidered, as well as the most exquisite screens you ever laid eyes on. These screens are all needle work, but they give the effect of an extraordinarily good painting. You are welcome to go and look at things, Harriet, and you'll find it worth your while.

Handkerchiefs have been the saving grace of many a poor mortal puzzled as to what would make a good Christmas present, and at Blackstone's they are helping out this year with an unusually large selection. Everything is of the very choicest, and you can get any sort from a plain linen one for the little boy to one bedecked with real lace for the mother. There are styles in handkerchiefs, you know, as well as in other things, and at Blackstone's they know every conceit that comes out. The cross-barred handkerchiefs are very popular this season, and at this good store you have an endless variety. The little girl will not be displeased to get half a dozen of those colored-bordered handkerchiefs that are such dainty accessories to any child's wardrobe. But, of course, it is in the handkerchiefs for the maids and matrons that they "throw themselves" at Blackstone's. Armenian lace kerchiefs are always in the best of taste, as are the severely plain linen ones. You will be surprised at the difficulty you'll have in choosing from all these pretty things, but you'll have the comfortable assurance that your gift will be just right.

Is there a quainter or more appealing picture in the world than that of a demure little maiden with a soft fur collar about her throat and her wee hands thrust into a comfy muff? Evidently, the Ville de Paris thinks not, if its stock of children's furs is a token. They have the dearest chin-chilla sets of soft grey, and the silky white Angoras, as well as a number of other kinds. And what youngster wouldn't be delighted to have Santa Claus bring her such a present. If you'd like something nice for the smallest of your brood look at the Ville's woolly dogs. They are made of soft white yarn, and have wise little shoe button eyes and fluffy curls of tails. The Ville has useful things for the baby, too: little booties and saccos, hand-embroideries, shawls and coats, toilet accessories, little coat hangers for the wee garments, and similar articles. And if you want to please the young mother, you can't do it better than to give her some such thing for her treasured hopeful.

For a Christmas gift for Miladi Dainty you can't imagine anything prettier than one of the really beautiful things to be found at the neckwear department of Myer Siegel's, 251 South Broadway. Everything is down to date; made of the finest of materials and with the best handiwork. The broad, embroidered collars, new high stocks, embroidered in gold thread, Irish lace collars and jabots, and the hundred and one vanities with which the fashionable woman decks her throat, are to be discovered here in abundance.

Perhaps it is a difficult thing to choose Christmas offerings, but it oughtn't to be so in Los Angeles. If we keep on, we shall have to borrow



Bishop's ROUGH HOUSE Chocolates

Not like any other Chocolates—no Cream centers. Twelve different styles of fillings. ROUGH HOUSE for Christmas candy this year. POUND BOXES 50c.

Bishop Company,
California

Holiday Rates

Santa Fe Holiday rates will be in effect between all stations where one fare does not exceed ten dollars.

Tickets on sale Dec. 23, 24, 25, 31, and Jan. 1, 1909.

Limited for return until January 4, 1909.

Let us suggest:



KITE-SHAPED TRACK

San Bernardino Redlands Corona Orange
Riverside Hemet Santa Ana San Diego

Phone or Call on E. W. McGee, G. A. 334 S. Spring

Three Days to Chicago ON LOS ANGELES LIMITED

A Palatial Train for Particular People. Three Days of Delightful, Luxurious Comfort

Leaves Los Angeles daily at 10 a. m. and runs via Salt Lake Route, Union Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern, through Salt Lake City, Ogden and Omaha.

Full particulars at 601 So. Spring St., and First Street Station about going east

VIA SALT LAKE ROUTE



Los Angeles-Pacific Company

ELECTRIC LINES

The Shortest and Quickest line from Los Angeles to the Ocean

TAKE A TRIP TO

VENICE, OCEAN PARK, SANTA MONICA,
PLAYA DEL REY or REDONDO

FISH AT LONG WHARF, PORT LOS ANGELES

HILL STREET Between Fourth and Fifth Los Angeles Passenger Stations FOURTH STREET Between Broadway and Hill

Mrs. Reid—Experienced Scalp Masseuse; facial treatments, electricity and shampooing. A 5788

Thackeray's description of London, and call our burg "the city of shops." As ever, LUCILLE.
South Figueroa Street,
December tenth.

Lee L. Powers ANTIQUE SHOP

Removed to 627 South Olive Street.

WEDDING AND HOLIDAY GIFTS

Upholstering, restoring and refinishing at lowest prices